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1930

Life

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Christmas Number



EDWINA



BALANCE
The ONLY Balance[®]
pen and pencil is
Sheaffer's.

The World's Gift Favorites

So many Christmas gifts are so soon worn out and forgotten. But not Sheaffer's Balance[®] Lifetime[®] pens. They are guaranteed to serve faithfully while their owner lives. And all that time they are living reminders of the giver, daily used and proudly worn. There are no others like these. Sheaffer alone makes Balance[®] Lifetime[®] pens. Internal Balance[®] gives them their flowing, streamlined contour, in key with modern design ideas, and Balance[®] also makes them cradle comfortably in the hand. Such beauty and utility have made these the vogue, and the world's gift favorites. Give Balance[®] Lifetimes[®], singly or in noble Matched Ensembles, to commemorate a lasting Christmas sentiment!

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

The ONLY genuine Lifetime[®] pen is Sheaffer's; do not be deceived! All fountain pens are guaranteed against defect, but Sheaffer's Lifetime[®] is guaranteed unconditionally against everything excepting loss for your lifetime. Jade Green, and Jet Black Lifetime[®] pens, \$8.75; Ladies', \$8.25. Marine Green and Black-and-Pearl De Luxe, \$10; Ladies', \$9.50. Petite Lifetime[®] pens, \$7 up. Pencils, \$5 and lower.

SHEAFFER'S

PENS • PENCILS • DESK SETS • SKRIP

W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company • Fort Madison, Iowa, U. S. A.
New York • Chicago • San Francisco
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Canada, Ltd., 169-173 Fleet St., Toronto, Ont.
Wellington, N. Z. • Sydney, Australia • 52 King'sway, London, Eng.

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Matched
writing
equipment
is the vogue.



Matched writing equipment is the vogue.



"Mr. and Mrs." are a regular feature on the Graybar Radio Period every Tuesday at 10 p.m. E.S.T. — Columbia Network

Yes, 'twas the week before Christmas...

... and all through the house there was, if one is to judge by the action pictures above, a great deal stirring.

As sponsors of the great American "Mr. & Mrs." in their radio adventures, and knowing their intimate home life inside-out as we do, we beg to offer the following suggestions, with an eye to avoiding consternation during

the current season in your particular home:

1. Mark gifts plainly
"NOT TO BE OPENED TILL CHRISTMAS."

2. Buy Graybar gifts.
Suggestion 2 opens up the whole vast field of elec-



One of many models

trical gifts. It covers everything from the possibility of early-morning setting-up exercises over a Graybar Radio to the after-midnight cup of coffee from an electric percolator from the same source. It includes practically everything for the home, for mother, for



Handy, indeed!



Reflector Heater

father, for—well, to be specific, there's the truly Handy Cleaner-ette for dust and dirt, the Sunshine Lamp for sun-shy winter days, the Heater for chilly mornings and corners, the Toaster... And your choice from among some 60,000 other items, all vouched for by the world's oldest and largest electrical distributor.



Sunshine, from a light!



Percolator

"Mr. & Mrs." have published a little guide book to gift-giving. It's a humorous work with a serious purpose. You'll be glad you wrote for it!

OFFICES IN 78 PRINCIPAL CITIES: EXECUTIVE OFFICES, GRAYBAR BUILDING, NEW YORK

Give a GraybaR gift for Christmas



CORRECT IN USAGE . . IN FLAVOR AND GOODNESS

No desserts can replace the time-honored Plum Pudding or Mince Meat for holiday dinners. In fact, very frequently through late autumn and winter your menu should contain one of these two, with an alternative in the lighter Fig Pudding. Many, many years of usage have made these three desserts correct and favored for winter dinners.

So few hostesses bother now with making their own Plum or Fig Pudding or Mince Meat—even when well-staffed with servants. They have found that they can rely on Heinz Plum Pudding, Heinz Fig Pudding and Heinz Mince Meat to have all the delightful, full-bodied flavor and richness one could want.

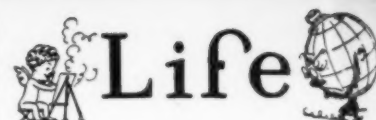
They know that no matter how ambitious their dinner—how delicious—how elegant—these three Heinz holiday desserts will be in keeping.

The Heinz label on any jar, bottle or can is a sure promise of flavor inside—flavor in its happiest form! • H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.



★ H E I N Z ★

SOME OF THE 57 — Heinz Plum Pudding
Heinz Fig Pudding • Heinz Mince Meat



December 5, 1930

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Ruined by "Contract"

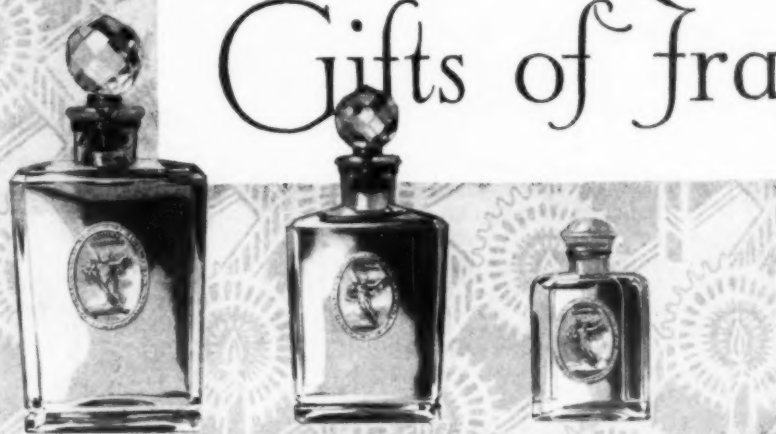
The news from Hackensack, N. J., is that a name is sought for the new Hudson River bridge. One suggestion would be to make it a memorial bridge and call it "Auction."



"Gosh, Bill, it must be one o' them bantam cars!"

Gifts of Fragrance

by



ROGER & GALLET

Paris



EXTRACT
TOILET WATER
FACE POWDER
BATH POWDER
BATH SALTS
SOAPS
SACHET
TALCUM
COMPACTS
Colorful GIFT BOXES
of Assorted Articles



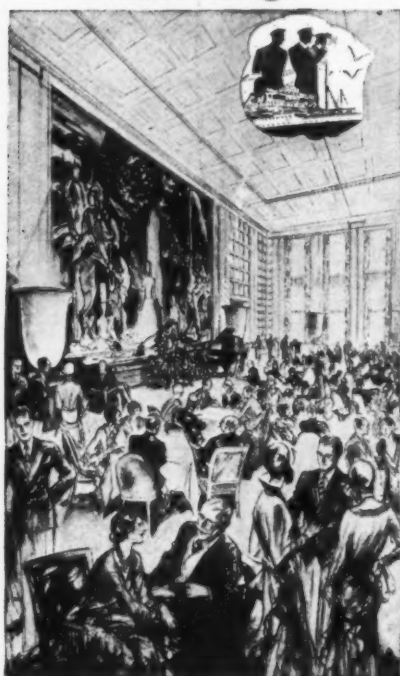
Priced from \$1 to \$25,
in the fragrances of

FLEURS D'AMOUR
LE JADE
PAVOTS D'ARGENT

AT ALL BEST DEPARTMENT and DRUG STORES and SPECIALTY SHOPS

Ile de France

...where one's sophistication comes of age



SALON MIXTE OF ILE DE FRANCE

THE most enjoyable trans-Atlantic interlude with the gypsy world of society, art and letters... glittering modernistic salons, spacious cabins with private baths, many de luxe suites, the restfulness of broad decks... gayety inseparable from a sophisticated American crowd, in an atmosphere wholly French » » » Faithful English speaking stewards, trained to the best traditions... French Line cuisine, known the world over... beverages that need no birth certificates for authentication... French seamen whose ancestors tamed the Atlantic before Columbus » » » Five and half days to Plymouth... a few hours later, a covered pier at Havre... a waiting express... three hours, Paris... overnight, the Riviera, a day across the Mediterranean, North Africa, the modern sunworshippers winter playground » » » To the élégante of the moment the "Ile de France" offers a perfect setting.

"Barbary Land Cruises" through Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia... a fleet of high-powered motor cars... 57-day itinerary \$1750; 13-day itinerary \$200.

Three 30-day Mediterranean-Morocco cruises by the "France"
January 10... February 14... March 20

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write to 19 State Street, New York

The Squeak in the Car

The Sunday afternoon drive. The warm, cloudless day. The smooth road. The powerful car. The feeling of complete satisfaction.

The faint squeak. The pricked-up ear. The renewed silence. The relieved sigh. The faint squeak. The louder squeak. The troubled forehead. The continued squeak. The growl of exasperation. The moment of quiet. The return of the squeak. The constant squeaking. The ruined drive. The return home.

The screw driver. The pliers. The wrenches. The search for the squeak. The tightened screws. The tightened nuts. The weariness. The hope. The drive around the block. The return of the squeak. The emphatic curse.

The next day. The drive to the service station. The squeak. The vehement statement to the mechanic. The puzzled mechanic. The drive with the mechanic. The absence of the squeak. The incredulity. The apology to the mechanic. The return home. The return of the squeak.

The return to the mechanic. The expressed doubt. The second ride. The absent squeak. The extended drive. The choice of rough roads. The continued absence of the squeak. The embarrassed return to the garage. The ride home. The squeak again.

The disgust with the car. The aversion to taking guests in the squeaking car. The passage of painful weeks. The first ride in days. The listening for the squeak. The sudden realization that it has disappeared. The strained listening. The gratifying quiet. The permanently absent squeak. The renewed love of driving.

The passage of weeks. The appearance of a new squeak. The hopelessness.

—John C. Emery.



POETICAL PETE

*I scorn to lose my self-control,
And show exasperation,
Of course one need not be ashamed
Of righteous indignation.*

Your Rexall store • Gift Headquarters



Value alone has made your Rexall Stores the Nation's Gift Headquarters — because, among the many useful gifts so easy to choose from, electric curling irons, electric toasters, men's shaving accessories, chocolates, stationery and oh, so many others, millions of Christmas Shoppers will take advantage here of worth while savings and unequalled values. At all Rexall Drug Stores which includes Liggett and Owl Stores; there is a Rexall Store conveniently near you.





Mr. Hoover told the bankers that they should give their customers their counsel and assistance. We can do without their counsel if we can only depend on their assistance.

THE FASTEST GAME SHE PLAYS IS BRIDGE . . . YET SHE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

HER longest walk is a shopping tour . . . and even then she motors from store to store. She enjoys winter sports from the side-lines and skating leaves her cold. Her brain gets plenty of exercise but her feet are strangers to anything but the daintiest leather.

Svelte, chic, always immaculate, this clever champion of the great indoors and leader of the bridge-playing set, nevertheless has a case of the ringworm infection now known as "Athlete's Foot."

Even as she puts through a smart *finesse*, a twinge in that dainty left foot reminds her of a puzzling rash she has noticed lately between her smaller toes. It has bothered her and worried her . . . and she doesn't even know what it is.

**Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home*

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply everywhere. The United States Public Health Service finds "It



*Also Relieves
SPRAINS AND STRAINS*
Rubbed in, quickly soothes
pain; reduces inflammation and
prevents stiffness and lameness

is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time." There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

*It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr.
Kills This Ringworm Germ*

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it kills the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot."

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of any one of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.

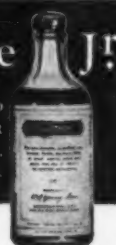
Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 362 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

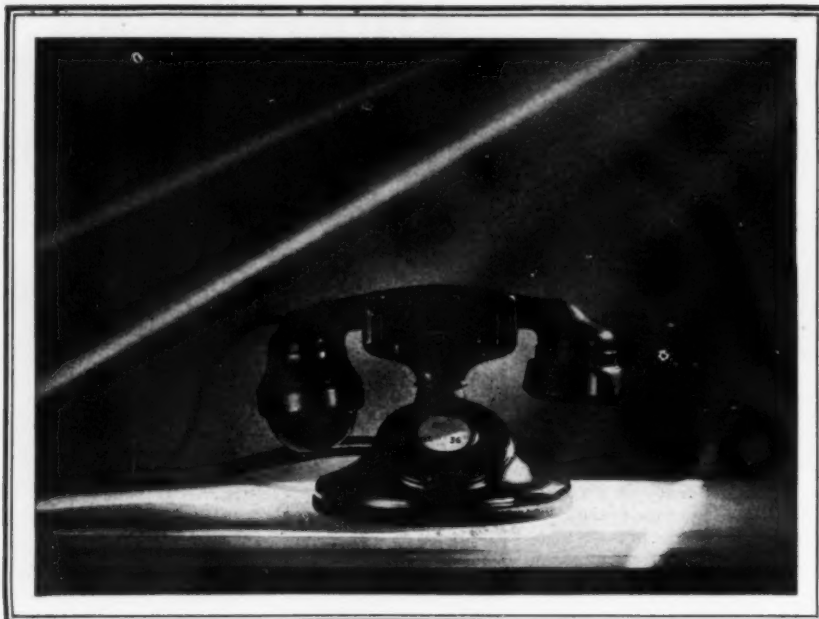
**WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS
THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"*

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED
SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR
ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS,
CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.





Their words have wings as swift as light

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

WE LIVE and work as no other people have ever done. Our activities are pitched to the swiftness of the instantaneous age.

Whatever happens, wherever it happens and however it may affect you, you may know it immediately over the wires or the channels of the air that carry men's words with the speed of light. Business and social life are free from the restrictions of time and distance—for practically any one, anywhere, may at any time speak with any one, anywhere else.

The widespread and co-ordinated interests of the nation depend upon an intercourse that less than sixty years ago was not possible in a single community. This is the task of the telephone wires and cables of the Bell Telephone System—to make a single community of our vast, busy continent

wherein a man in Los Angeles may talk with another in Baltimore or a friend in Europe as readily as with his neighbor.

It is the work of the Bell Telephone System to enable friends, families and business associates to speak clearly and immediately with one another, wherever they may be. Its service is as helpful and accessible on a village street as in the largest cities.

To match the growing sweep and complexity of life in this country, to prepare the way for new accomplishments, the Bell System is constantly adding to its equipment and bettering its service. To this end, its construction program for 1930 has been the largest in its history. This System at all times accepts its responsibility to forward the development and well-being of the nation.



How to Be a Social Success in Washington

Be a Farmer-Labor representative in a Congress containing an equal number of Republicans and Democrats.

Another Thin Excuse

NEVA: Do you like tea-room sandwiches?

TOM: No, it's too hard to tell which side your butter is breaded on.

Nose Comfort

"Advance orders already received insure increased sales for the winter," says a cigarette company official. At least we'll keep our noses warm.

Yes

The usual run of dialog in underworld fiction seems to indicate that gangsters' lieutenants should be known as Yeah-men

Great Minds at Work



It is not industry, but greed, instinctive greed, that drives the bee relentlessly onward.—Dr. F. F. Phillips, Cornell University.

When I get to Washington I'll make pot likker the national drink. It makes statesmen strong and women beautiful. It will restore the national health.—Huey P. Long, Governor and Senator-elect of Louisiana.

Nearly all the old-time American critics are women who became almost men when irritated because bustles went out of fashion.

—Jim Tully.

We should support the President whether he be right or wrong.

—Calvin Coolidge.

In the middle of the nineteenth century two things happened of some importance—I was born and Tennyson wrote "God fulfills Himself in many ways." —George Bernard Shaw.

I believe that the remedy for unemployment is employment.

—Charles H. Tuttle.

Many of us feel that the civilization of the United States is not represented at its best in the American film.

—Dean Inge.

Speeding along a roadway, especially at night, is highly dangerous.

—Angelo Patri.

I am not aware that I have changed the American scene in any respect.

—Sinclair Lewis.

It is hard to understand why there should be so much unemployment and such business depression in the United States.

—Vice-President Charles Curtis.

The reason that husbands and wives do not understand each other is because they belong to different sexes.

—Dorothy Dix.

The aristocratic look in the eyes of a Pekingese is not convincing evidence that he is free from fleas. He may be just too refined to scratch.

—Roy W. Howard.

The Christmas List

Now is just the time to make out our Christmas list, dear . . . We must get into the habit of doing it earlier each year . . . You see, then it's over with . . . We don't have to worry . . . I said, *we don't have to worry* . . . Of course the first thing is to get last year's Christmas cards . . . They were in a box . . . Of course, in a cardboard box . . . Don't you remember, we have always kept them in a cardboard box . . . It couldn't be in the linen closet . . . Wait a minute . . . I'll begin while you're looking . . . The Pratts . . . Well, all right we'll make it alphabetical . . . Alcotts—the tight wads . . . Yes, cross them off . . . they gave us that rotten Scotch . . . Don't let's make it alphabetical . . . How about Bob Turner? . . . Didn't he . . . You threw 'em out?—for Heaven's sake what did you do that for? . . . You say we never have kept Christmas cards . . . Well, that's not my recollection . . . Oh well, there's no hurry anyway . . . We've got three weeks yet.

—T. L. M.

Or Else

Street cars in New York are expected to give way to motor busses. So are automobiles, horses and wagons, motorcycles, bicycles and pedestrians.



SOLOMON (on club night): *Darn it! And I told them not to wait up for me!*

HAMBURG-AMERICAN • CRUISES •

West Indies

PANAMA & SPANISH MAIN

ON THE IDEAL CRUISING STEAMSHIP
RELIANCE—SAILING FROM NEW YORK

THESE "Pleasure Pirate Pilgrimages" have that extra measure of enjoyment which makes them treasured experiences of a lifetime. Golden days and glamorous nights—sailing summer seas or delving into the charms of Caribbean wonderlands. Absolute comfort and varied entertainment aboard the steamers are features of these cruises.

JOIN THIS CHRISTMAS-NEW YEAR'S CRUISE

Starting Dec. 20th—16 Days, \$212.50 up

Later "RELIANCE" Cruises

Jan. 7th—17 Days . . . \$222.50 up

Jan. 27th—27 Days . . . \$322.50 up

Feb. 26th—27 Days . . . \$322.50 up

Mar. 28th—16 Days . . . \$212.50 up

Around the World

ON THE RESOLUTE, "QUEEN OF CRUISING STEAMSHIPS," EASTWARD FROM NEW YORK, JANUARY 6

THE Eighth World Cruise of the Resolute—including more places than any other cruise—timed to arrive in each of the 33 countries visited in the best travel season. The Riviera and Egypt during their fashionable playtime—The Holy Land—a Tour Across India in agreeably cool weather—Ceylon, Singapore, Siam—Java, Borneo, the Philippine Islands—Formosa—China in the Spring—Korea—Japan in Cherry Blossom Time. Optional tours to stupendous Angkor Wat and exotic Bali. Truly "The Voyage of Your Dreams"—for 140 days.

Rates, \$2,000 and up, include an extraordinary program of shore excursions.

Mediterranean AND ADRIATIC

ON THE LUXURIOUS S. S. HAMBURG
FROM NEW YORK, JANUARY 31

A CRUISE unique in its itinerary—including every country on the Mediterranean and Adriatic—visiting a number of places never before offered in a cruise from America. Carcassonne, Tripoli and Basque Spain are a few of the fascinating novelties.

70 days (New York to New York). The price, including a great program of shore excursions, is \$950 and up, with return passage from Hamburg, Cherbourg or Southampton by any ship of the Line up to December 31, 1931.

WRITE FOR
DESCRIPTIVE
LITERATURE
OF THE CRUISE
IN WHICH
YOU ARE
INTERESTED

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39 BROADWAY NEW YORK


Branches in Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver, or local steamship agents.

FOR APPEARANCE'S SAKE
WEAR A SIMMONS CHAIN



It is disconcerting, at Christmas-time, to realize that a man may wear only so much jewelry. Yet, if he owns a watch—and what man doesn't, these days?—a Simmons Chain is always in good taste. There are graceful chains to guard a wrist-watch—light, comfortable, durable, and modern in design. And there are familiar pocket watch-chains, too, in a wide variety of charming shapes and forms. And even without a watch, a Simmons Chain still belongs across the vest, to take care of keys, emblems, knife and other accessories that a man can't do without. The Simmons wrist-watch Chain illustrated is 32189, white gold-filled, \$5.25; the Simmons pocket Chain is Waldemar 32040, white gold, \$9. Good jewelers have these and many other Simmons Chains. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.



simmons
chains  The swivel says
It's a Simmons

Good News

One report states the wets have gained forty-two Representatives. At this rate of increase there soon will not be a dry aye in the House.

Sound Business

Accompanied and caused by loud cheers business is under way again. If not sound business it is business with sound effects.

Big Advantage

"The college boy in his coonskin coat is not unlike an enormous cocoon," says a writer. But you can go near a cocoon without the grub inside asking for a cigarette.

A Ban Without a Country

World disarmament lacks only one thing—they can't find a country that's willing to disarm.

Tough Diet

Three Nebraska moonshiners have received sentences of thirty days on bread and water. The bread will help them get the water down.

More Depression

And when those Dry Congressmen were beaten at the polls, some Washington bootlegger lost a lot of good customers.

Hare Today, Gone Tomorrow

Rabbits are being shipped from Texas to New Jersey to replenish that state's rapidly vanishing wild life. It was not considered practicable to rub New Jersey with hare restorer.



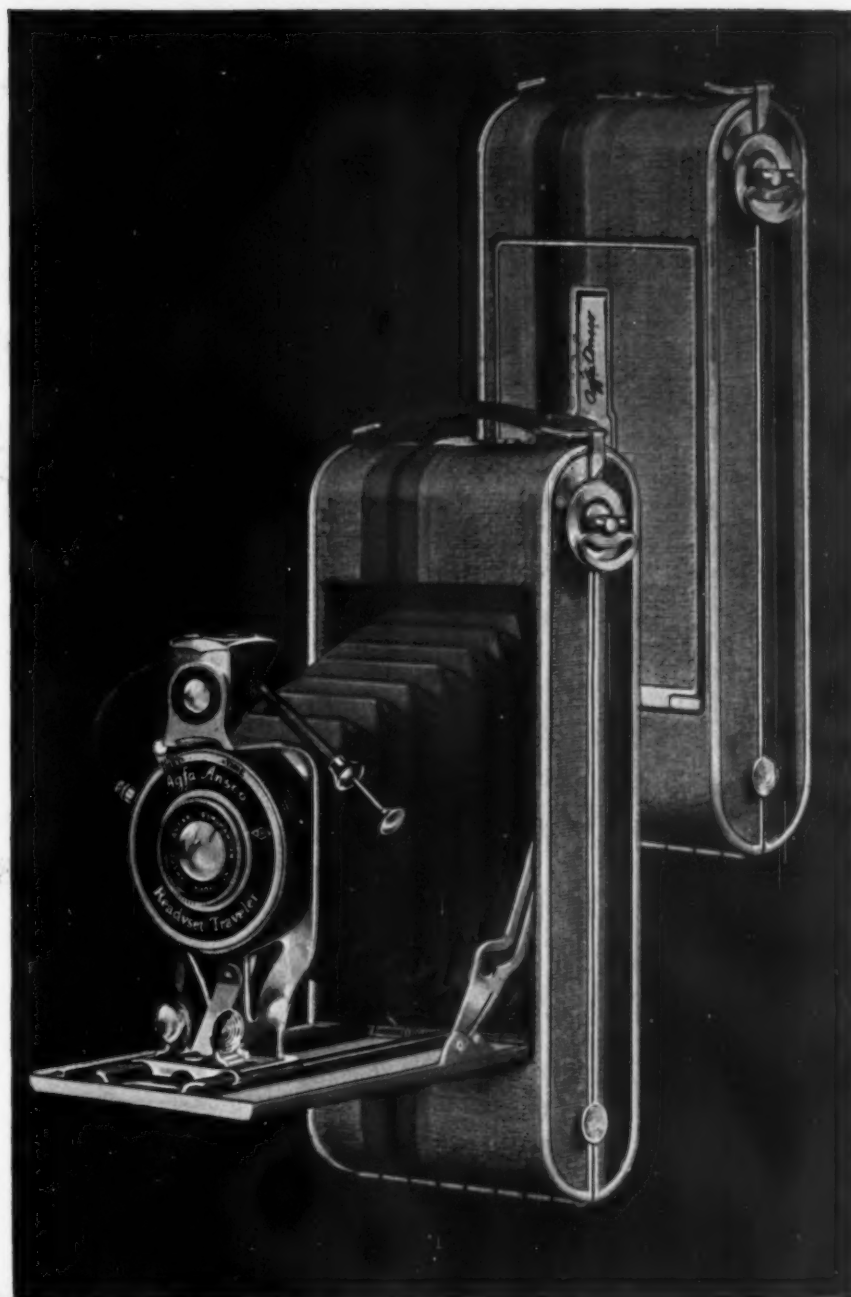
THE READYSET TRAVELER

From the unbeaten track... from the originality of stylists and camera designers, comes The Readysset Traveler—unquestionably the most outstanding and practical innovation in camera creation of this beauty-conscious day.

In its distinctive specially-woven repp covering, colorful striping, platinum finish, and mechanical rightness there is a cosmopolitan air... an expression of the modern spirit that appeals to all who travel—at home or afar. For the Traveler looks like custom-made luggage... and is luggage—luggage to pack full of pictures.

The Traveler is a certified picture-taker. One you can count on for clear, sharp pictures always.

You'll be proud to own, or give as a gift, the colorful, smart Traveler. For the thrill of its possession is surpassed only by the delight in



Agfa film—the all-weather film—takes good pictures anywhere... under the sun, or under a cloud. A size for every camera.

its remarkable picture-taking ability. Ask to see it when you buy your next roll of film.

No. 1 Readysset Traveler—\$13.00
(2½ x 3½ Pictures)

No. 1A Readysset Traveler—\$16.00
(2½ x 4½ Pictures)

Available in four different color stripings.

And the Traveler is one of the famous Agfa Ansco Readysset

Cameras... as nearly automatic as cameras can be and yet insure perfect pictures. No focusing, no shutter adjustments—just "Open, aim, shoot." As simple as that.

**READYSET
TRAVELER**
BY AGFA ANSCO

AGFA ANSCO OF BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
Agfa Ansco Ltd., 204 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.



A gift
of pomp and circumstance - *Whitman's*
PRESTIGE CHOCOLATES

A gift far from the commonplace . . . candy of unusual character and charm . . . Whitman's Prestige Chocolates. Small, daintily formed chocolates in the Continental manner, with exquisitely wrought centers of utmost originality in conception and blending. \$2 the pound in a smartly surmounted metal chest . . . every inch a gift worthy of sender and sendee.



Anno Domini—1930



"And grandpa, I wish you'd ask your son to get me a new doll."

A Gift to the World

FATHER CHRISTMAS comes nearer than usual this year to being a robot. Because of unemployment he is more organized than usual. He has to operate on a very large scale, but robot or not, he is and will be on the job. He is Briareus with a hundred hands, all of them held out palms up for you to drop coins in. All that the hands collect goes into the same big pocket and out of that to details of the same great need.

Uncle Sam does not look very much like Father Christmas to Europe. Nevertheless, he may have to put on a mask presently and operate there too, for Russia especially seems to be in for a bad winter.

But a large Christmas present seems to be on its way to human society. Speaking of England, Dibelius, the German commentator, says that she is now experiencing a grave crisis in which a new state and a new type of society are coming to birth. The old, he says, has to a large extent lost its justification for existence and must now yield place to the new.

That is true of all the world that is in sight. An older order is passing out, a new one is coming in. Probably Father Christmas will welcome it, for he has always stood for an order that was better than the one he worked in.

—E. S. Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus

'Twas Christmas Day. The sleigh bells jingled merrily as Santa Claus pulled the reindeer to a halt at the North Pole.

"Anybody home?" he shouted.

"Fo' de land sake, Mistah Claus," answered the Claus maid from an upstairs window, "y'all scared me."

"Magnolia, where's Mrs. Claus?" asked Santa, entering the house.

"Missus Claus done went to ah bridgin' pahty ovah yondah at de explorers' camp."

"Bridge party?"

"Check an' double check. She say mebbly she win ah prize."

"But what about dinner?"

"She say tell y'all she be home 'foah dinnah. She say if she ain't fo' y'all to hop in y'all's sledge an' fotch her."

Santa threw his great coat on a chair. He took from his pocket the red necktie his wife had given him and put it on.

"Mistah Claus, heah come de Missus now."

"Open the door for her. And Magnolia . . ."

"Yassah?"

"Have Mose put away the reindeer until next Christmas."

"Yassah."

"Oh, Nicky!" cried the radiant Mrs. Claus as she came into the room. "I won! I won the bridge prize! See! Isn't it lovely?"

"What is it?" asked Santa Claus.

"Why, it's a bridge prize."

"I've seen many a trinket in my day," said Santa Claus, putting on his spectacles, "but these bridge prizes . . . well, I suppose you are right. It's a bridge prize."

"The explorer's wife bid four spades and I doubled and . . . Nicky, sit right down and tell me about your trip!"

"Hardest I ever made."

"Oh, Nicky?"

"I can't break those reindeer of chasing aeroplanes. Coming out of Indianapolis they ran one all the way to Los Angeles."

"You had to make Los Angeles, anyway."

"I know I did. But leaving Los Angeles they chased an aeroplane to Miami. That's the way it was all night. Jumping from Seattle to Dallas and from Detroit to Atlanta. It was daylight before I finished the foreign countries."

"Is that so! Perhaps you can ex-



Poor fellow without a friend in the world, passing those who have just finished their Christmas shopping.

plain where you were all morning. Imagine! Santa Claus staying out until dinner time."

"Now, dear, don't start nagging. I stopped in for a couple of hours this morning with some Eskimo friends."

"You and your Eskimo friends! Did you mail my letters?"

"Letters?" Santa Claus glanced uneasily at the great coat he had flung across the chair. "It seems to me I mailed them in Erie."

"Next year I'm going with you. I refuse to stay home and wrap all those packages and not get a trip out of it."

"Didn't I help with the wrapping?"

"A lot of help you were, Nicky, all you husbands are alike. You get credit for being Santa Claus, but your wife does the work."

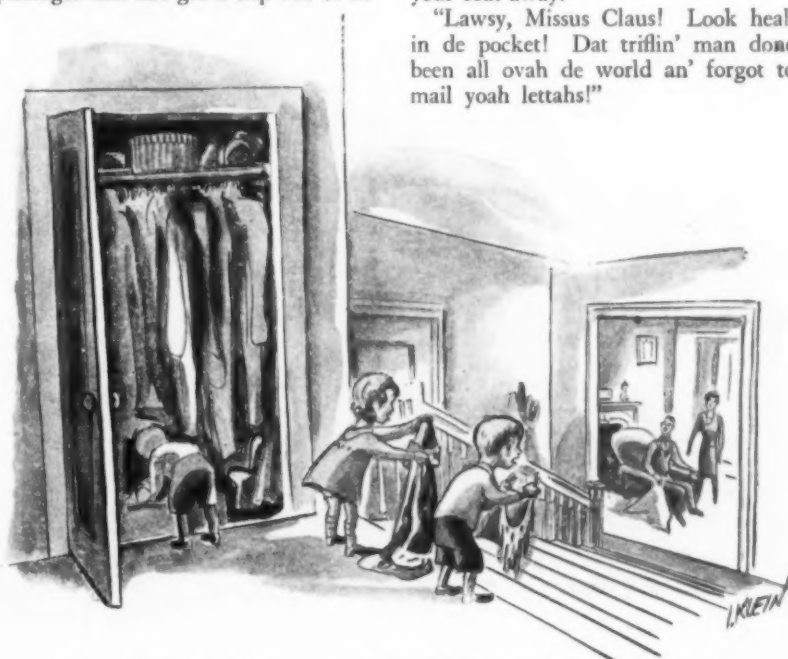
"Dinnah am served, Missus Claus," said the maid.

"Thank you, Magnolia. Please take Mr. Claus' great coat and hang it in the closet where it belongs."

"I'll do it," said Santa.

"You run along and wash your hands, Nicky. They're filthy from all those chimneys. Magnolia will put your coat away."

"Lawdy, Missus Claus! Look heah in de pocket! Dat triflin' man dome been all ovah de world an' forgot to mail yoah lettahs!"



"Oo, daddy, look what the moths did to your Santa Claus outfit."

Strike

"Hang the kiddies' Christmas stocking,"

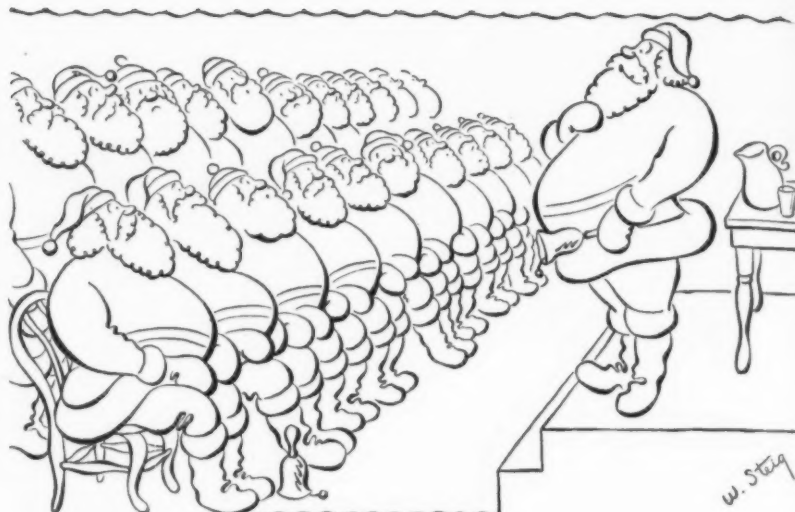
Santa cries throughout the land,
"Hang the kiddies' Christmas stocking!"

So that all may understand—

"Steampipes grow more unromantic,
Chimney holes are much too small;
Year by year I grow more frantic
Getting round to one and all.

"Hang the kiddies' Christmas stocking
Any place you care to tack it.
Hang the kiddies' Christmas stocking!"

This year someone else can pack it."
—Carroll Carroll.



"I don't see Moskowitz."

Christmas in Chicago

Then there's the Chicago policeman's child, who won't hang up his stocking this Christmas, because he doesn't believe there is any Al Capone.

The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Son:

It is Christmas night and your mother and I are just about to sit down and go "Humph!" over the greeting

cards. While I am writing to you she is addressing cards to the people who fooled us, imagining they will not look at the date on the postmark.

You are the only one of the family who didn't get home for Christmas. We held out till the last minute hoping you would come. Your sister Eloise's husband was all ready to move out of your room, where he has been sojourning since about the middle of Hoover's first year. Francie and her husband and two children are here, though he expects things to open up in the Spring. They made it a sensible Christmas, Francie's present to her husband being the straightening of their older child's teeth at my dentist's. Your brother Sheridan, of course, is here, having never left except to visit power boat college friends occasionally. Franklyn, your other brother—the one with the freckles, got in a day late. You know he picked out a college located like Dartmouth but without the reputation to make up for it.

Your little sister, who goes to Miss Mulligan's, had accepted five invitations to spend the holidays with school friends, got mixed up in her arithmetic and finally had to compromise on home.

It was a great Christmas day, and as I looked down the table and saw all those hungry and comparatively strange faces I knew I had been true to Hoover, doing my share for the unemployed.

Your Affectionate Father,
McCREADY HUSTON.



"Name your own price, son—that's what I call a real Christmas tie design!"



SINBAD
Merry Christmas !

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS!

'Twas the night before Christmas, and in the pent house
None stirred save myself and companionate spouse;
Smart sport hose were hung on the sun-ray machine
Set out from behind its Lalique panelled screen;
The twins, in their crystal and chromium bed,
Were dreaming of gangsters from stories just read,
And Jane in a Lanvin and I in my tux
Were bound for a Club where the *couvert's* eight bucks.

When out of the sky there arose such a clatter
We wondered right verbally what was the matter.
To the studio window we went with a dash,
Pressed the button that lifted the motor-powered sash!
The moon glinted coldly on new-fallen snow
On the sixty-four-story apartment below,
And there, circling o'er our Neon weather vane,
Was a twenty-two-engined Dornier monoplane.

The pilot compared in a good many ways
To the Santas you see during Yule holidays.
His airplane swooped down from the dark winter sky,
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
And then we could see that the space at his back
Was filled with a bulging, gargantuan sack.
From under the goggles and helmet, his face
Looked out on the world with a blasé grimace

That offered a contrast approaching the weird
To his bright ruddy cheeks and his flowing white beard.
His globular belly, we could not but note,
Swelled amply the folds of his huge flying coat,
And each of the hands clutching tight on the 'stick',
Was stubby and freckled and fuzzy and thick.
The roar of the engines now died to a drone,
The pilot leaned nearer a small microphone:

"A rollicking Christmas! A happy Yuletide!"
The message was thund'rous, so loud amplified.
He reached in the sack, with a world-weary frown,
And a shower of papers came fluttering down;
Then veering his plane, with a roar, to the right,
He jockeyed for altitude into the night.
A snowy white sheet drifted in through our casement,
It read: NEW YEAR SALE AT STEIN'S BARGAIN BASEMENT.

—E. B. Crosswhite.

Efficiency In Sheep Counting

Billions of imaginary sheep have jumped over millions of imaginary fences for thousands of years while the world lay awake nights longing for efficiency in sheep counting. This waste of sheep is at an end. Last night I made a discovery.

Tonight I shall count one-eightieth or perhaps one ninetieth of one small sheep and then I shall be asleep. It is much better than counting hundreds of sheep before going to sleep. It is quite an improvement.

No great discovery is made without a struggle. Perhaps the world will be interested in what a time I had.

"There is the fence," I repeated to myself at a late hour last night. "It is a stone fence. It starts by the high-boy and runs back toward the middle window. Now you sheep behind that hedge over there by the closet—I don't want any more foolishness out of you. Come out here and jump over this fence. No crowding, please."

A sheep peeped from behind the hedge. "Let's get going," I said. "I must be at the office early tomorrow."

The sheep approached the fence timidly. "Up and over," I said. "You can jump it. That's fine. Now you other sheep—come on out here. One at the time, please. Over you go . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . ."

The sixth sheep stopped and stared at me. It was a black sheep. In all my years as a sheep counter I had never seen one before.

"You black sheep, you," I said, "get along over that stone fence. You are holding up the parade."

Deliberately the black sheep did a dance step. I sat upright in bed. The black sheep jumped over the fence. It jumped over backwards.

Veteran sheep counter though I am, I had never seen a black sheep do a dance and then jump the fence backwards. Here was something new.

"I'll start over again," I said to myself. "There is the fence. It is a stone fence. The sheep behind that hedge over there by the closet are all black sheep. Now you black sheep, you—I want you to come out here one at the time and do a couple of dance steps and jump over this fence backwards. Come quickly, please."

A black sheep emerged, danced and jumped over backwards. It was followed by another and then another.

"This is going to be swell," I said.

"I'll start counting. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . ."

The sheep stopped coming. "Four," I shouted. "Fore! I mean 'four!'"

No black sheep appeared. Then I realized my mistake. I should have known all along that there are only a certain number of black sheep in the world—only one to the family. I had counted my share for the night and there were no more to be had.

Wide awake now, I resolved to return to counting white sheep. But there were no white sheep. Evidently the black ones had frightened them away. The best I could do was coax a little white lamb from behind the hedge.

"I'll show you," I said to the lamb. "There's a roast leg of one like you in the ice box. I'll have a sandwich."

I went to the ice box, sliced a piece of the lamb left from dinner, made a

sandwich, ate it, returned to bed and quickly fell asleep.

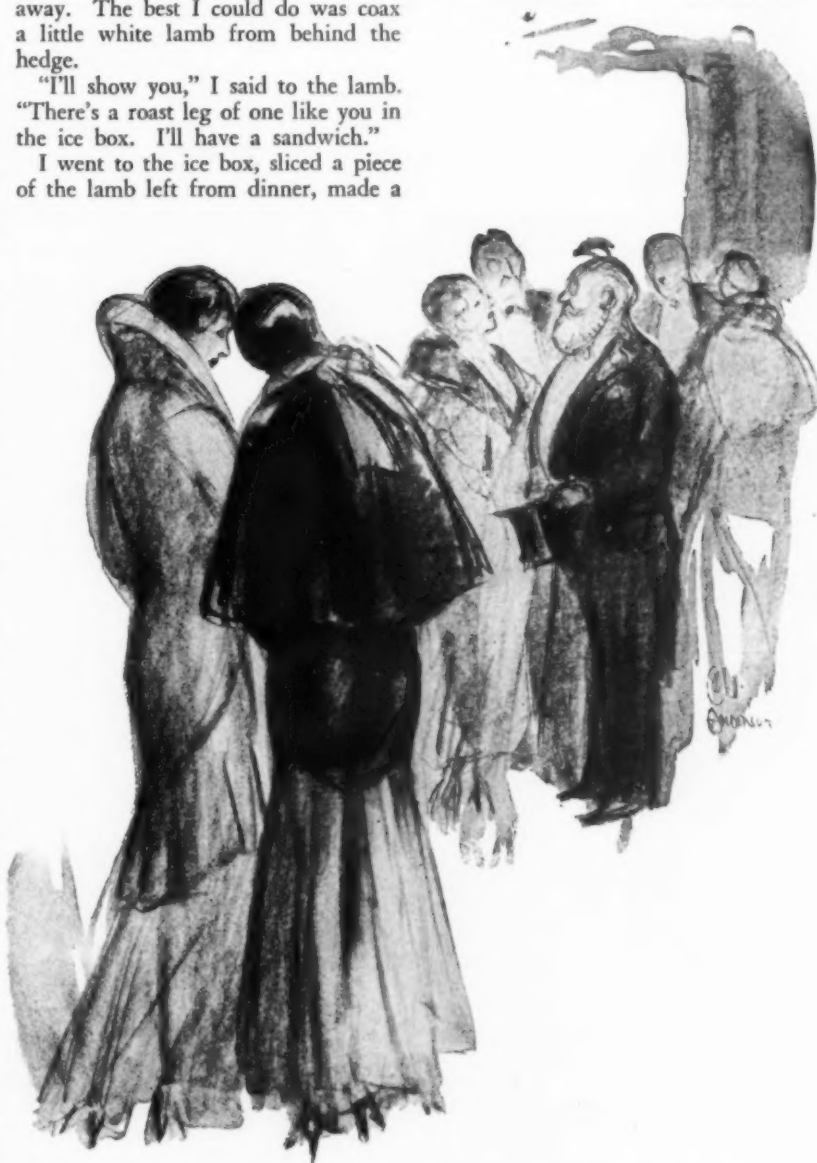
A friend with whom I discussed my discovery today tells me it is in agreement with many physicians. "A bit of food before retiring," he said, "induces sleep."

Tonight I shall eat my sheep as I count them. A slice of lamb I estimate at one-eightieth or one-ninetieth of one small sheep. I shall count no higher.

Doubtless roast beef would serve the purpose equally well. In that event my discovery is even greater than I thought. It should be simple to count to about one-thousandth of a cow.

Ho Hum.

—Tom Sims.



"That's him: The one who looks like Santa Claus, only smarter."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by **Baird Leonard** NOVEMBER 13—A letter by the first post from the Hotel Crillon in Paris in an unfamiliar handwriting, setting me all a-twitter, for because one of my great-grandmothers was a French-woman, I have since a child not been without secret, if unfounded, hopes that one of the more famous chateaux may one day come unexpectedly into my possession, but this was nought but a missive from Aldis Squire containing his annual suggestion for Sam's Christmas present, and this year it is a parlor dog-kennel in the form of a chair which according to the advertisement, "keeps your pet off the upholstered furniture. Protects him from drafts, preventing colds and resultant distemper. Fitted with cretonne cushion (with washable slip-

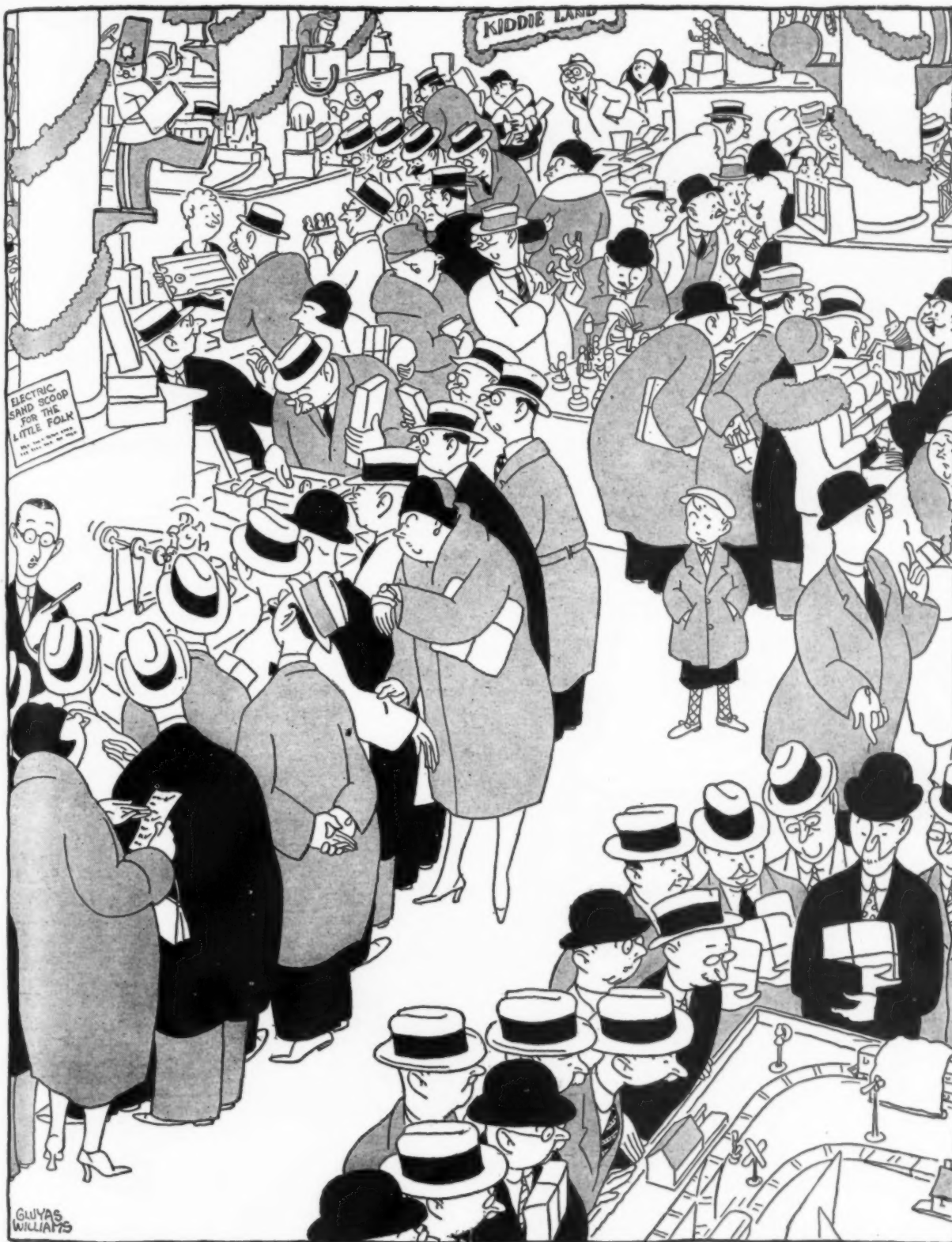
cover) stuffed with the best red cedar sawdust, which drives away fleas and insects and absorbs 'doggie' odors, leaving instead a pleasant fragrance. Sanitary and correctly ventilated." And I am wroth enough with Samuel at present to purchase one and put him therein, albeit Aldis' last year suggestion might better suit my mood, which was some circus lions for sale, albeit the advertisement stated that their teeth were slightly defective. Lord! it is pleasant to have people in the world like Aldy and C. Dodds, from either of whom I do almost invariably receive a nonsense letter whenever cosmic laughs seem at a minimum. To luncheon at Adelaide Whittlesey's, impressed again, as I always am, but by the framed citations of her brother-in-law, who commanded the Lost Battalion, and we had a fine meal of beef broth, broiled chicken, potatoes *bataille*, peas, and Bavarian cream, of which I did eat far too much,

and afterwards fell to contract, with fair enough fortune in view of the indifferent cards I did hold.

NOVEMBER 14—Lay late, pondering this and that, in especial that the greatest value of a sense of humour to those who possess one is that it is likely to prevent their ever falling passionately or hopelessly in love, and also my antipathy to the current fashions, for albeit I do think that extremely long skirts make women look more graceful in the evening; they are an invention of the devil when it comes to clambering in and out of motors in fair weather as well as foul, for already I have been obliged to have three chiffons and two laces repaired drastically at their hems, so henceforth I shall affect nought but velvets, lamés, and similar sturdy materials, albeit I am extremely loath to wear such heavy raiment in overheated rooms. I do also dislike the silly-looking short evening wraps which are vogue, and shall never wear them, desiring some protection for my skirts whilst riding in public taxicabs, as well as a little warmth around my legs. A young girl to see me, asking my advice to young writers, so I admonished her that if she were planning a novel to put something in it which would meet with disapproval in Boston, a proceeding which seems to be the most direct assurance of a quick and large sale. Samuel home betimes, lying down for a nap which lasted only a few minutes, and when he wakened he did think it was another day and that he had gone to bed fully appareled, and never in my life did I see ought to match his delight when I reassured him that it was but six o'clock and that he was not in his cups. To a great dinner at the Empeys', feeling in such fine fettle that, meseemed, nobody's gaiety matched my own, whereupon I remembered Nelson Steele's injunction that when you begin to think you are the life of the party it is high time to go home, so did act upon it by gathering my wraps and departing.



"I took one look at him and I knew that I loved him and that he had money."



The Toy Department.

Life in Society



Society Girl Opens Oysters for Charity

Mr. Harvey Weatherwax and his daughter, Felice, gathering bivalves from the mud flats of their Oyster Bay estate. Felice is sifting the catch for stray pearls, preparatory to serving 300 guests with a Thanksgiving stew, while her father is struggling against the treacherous quicksands which have already claimed his coat and vest.

Mr. Franklin L. Haddonfield has reserved the ballroom suite of the Ritz-Carlton for a supper dance they will give on December 23 for their daughter, Miss Barbara Haddonfield, who will be wound up, and equipped with 12 changeable records of appropriate conversation, during the brilliant affair.

Dinners were given last night at Sherry's Pierre's, the Ritz-Carlton and the Vanderbilt for Miss Virginia Holbert and Daniel Driggs 3d, who will be married today in Old Trinity, St. Thomases and Grace Church. After receptions at the Delmonico, the Barclay and 220 Madison Avenue they will sail around the world half a dozen times.

Mrs. Louis Jasper Smothers will give a luncheon at Pierre's for Mrs. Thomas L. Granniss. Mrs. Smothers has as her guest for the Horse Show, her sister-in-law from Brooklyn, who is a favorite in the pernt-to-pernt events.

A concert was held on Wednesday night in Work-a-Day Hall, Hackensack, by Miss Anna Hicks Williams, contralto, who was assisted by Miss Catherine Fisher, audience.

Miss Patricia de Frosting is laid up on page 21 of the New York Herald-Tribune, suffering from a broken engagement.

Apartment House Christmas

Christmas, dear Christmas, the gayest of times,
Will soon be announced by the radio chimes,
And we'll have an old-fashioned dinner, you bet—
From cans on the shelf of our cute kitchenette!
Or maybe we'll go down to Tony's to dine
And eat his "spaget" and get drowned in his wine.
Our living room's not very spacious, so we
Are planning on getting a midget-size tree
With candles electric to glitter and glow
Against all the tinsel and chemical snow.
And we'll hang up only one stocking apiece—
For tacks in the mantel are barred in the lease.
We will not sing carols in old-English vein
For fear that the neighbors annoyed will complain.
When Santa arrives from his chill Arctic Zone
The doorman will call on the house telephone
And say, "There's a man here with whiskers of white—
Are Mr. and Mrs. receiving tonight . . . ?"

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

Or Even Wichita

Bootleggers' children when they aren't good, are told that they won't go to Chicago when they die.

I Love You Claus I Do

YVETTE: Look at that diamond necklace Marie is wearing. She must have written a letter to Santa.

YVONNE: No, Santa got foolish and wrote a letter to her.



"But ma-a-ster particularly wishes you to pipe down!"



"Shay, Mister, are you following me?"

The Automobile Salesman's Son Writes to Santa

Dear Santa:

I wonder if you and I can't get together this Christmas on a decent deal. I'm willing to meet you more than half way if you'll do business and give me a little cooperation.

I've got a set of 1928 model electric trains that haven't circled their tracks more than twenty times at the most. Nickel-plated locomotive, baggage car, three Pullmans and a caboose. This set is as good as new and any kid in the country would be tickled pink with it. However, I feel I've outgrown electric trains so I'm making you this proposition:

I'll trade in my electric trains if you'll bring me a new home movie camera and projector. I know that this gift is somewhat more pretentious than what you usually bring me, but with the electric trains as a trade-in, I don't see how you can gracefully refuse me.

Let's do business. You'll find the electric trains all packed up, just to the left of the fireplace. If you'll take them with you and leave the movie camera and projector at the foot of the Christmas tree, everything will be jake.

Do we get together?

Yours for more prosperous Christmases,

BOBBY.

—Arthur L. Lippmann.



"There's something I won't give to Ed. Now, if I can find something I won't give to Stella and Jim and Teddy my shopping is done for this year."

Quaint Gifts

Some out-of-the-ordinary gifts recently made at home and abroad.

FIVE HUNDRED BOTTLES OF RARE RHENISH WINE, to Emperor Ras Tafari of Abyssinia, for his coronation ceremonies.

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED GOLD BUTTONS, to seventeen hundred New York mechanics, for excellence in craftsmanship.

ONE HUNDRED GALLONS OF PURE ALCOHOL, to Roy Simmons, of Pixley, Colorado, left in his back yard anonymously.

THIRTY-FIVE DOLLAR MONTHLY REDUCTION IN ALIMONY, to Oscar F. Allen, of Denver, at his ex-wife's own request.

—W. E. Farbstain.



Life Looks About

Women's Christian (?) Temperance Union

PRESIDENT HOOVER has expressed to Mrs. Ella A. Boole, president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, his profound sense of the value of the work of that organization "both in behalf of higher ideals of life and the public service, and aid of law enforcement." He conveyed to Mrs. Boole and her associates the encouragement so expressed when they gathered for an executive conference at Houston, Texas.

Well now, really; take the W. C. T. U. by and large, and especially for the last twelve years, has its work been valuable to the higher ideals of life and public service? Has it even aided law enforcement?

President Hoover says Yes on both counts, but he is wrong. Up to 1918 any kind of work to beat rum or diminish it was in a way a work for temperance. The tide against rum was rising all the time. Finally it floated the amendment over the bars, then it turned the other way and it has been falling ever since.

For the last twelve years Mrs. Boole

and her company have done not good but harm to the higher ideals of life and public service. If Mr. Hoover does not know it, it is too bad. If he does know it and will not say so, it is worse. Those women have not even helped law enforcement. They have contributed to make it impossible. However, we must be patient with them, for they know no better than they do. The trouble with them is they have inadequate ideals of life. If society resigned itself to live down to those ideals it would be a calamity. Their ideals are not Christian ideals and they have no proper right to use that word in the title of their organization. The mistakes of sects and societies must and can be borne with so long as there is only preaching and persuasion back of them, but when they gain control of the police power of government they do immense mischief and cease to be tolerable.

The Hope Diamond

MR. AND MRS. McLEAN, of Washington, well-known for a variety of reasons, have separated.

Their dislocation is attributed to bad luck issuing from the Hope Diamond, of which Mrs. McLean is the present owner.

To be sure, the Hope Diamond is considerably associated with misfortune. Maybe it really is unlucky, but possibly its possession indicates a defect of intelligence in its owners of

which misfortune is a natural result and befalls in due time.

Can it be demonstrated that the Hope Diamond has ever been acquired by anyone of approved judgment? Possibly it can, but it is natural to look for some defect in intelligence in anyone who has bought that jewel, and every day there are more things, once greatly prized, of which the same may be said.

Things are not going very strong. Lots of them look foolish, and that is one reason why Business walks with a cane and leans so hard on it.

The Next War

GENERAL LUDENDORFF, lately chief of the German General Staff, foresees or says he does a new war in Europe a year from next May and looks to see Germany annihilated and left a mass of devastation.

Well maybe, but not likely. In this country the desire to fight Germany again is very, very feeble. Undoubtedly it is in England, and if it is not in Western Europe, Western Europe might as well go to the asylum.

Ludendorff puts out his forecast in a little book. His line-up is interesting—France, Belgium, Poland, Roumania and Czechoslovakia against Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Soviet Russia and Britain.

But where does the United States come in? He does not mention that country. But if there should be a general scramble, only an optimist can suppose the United States could keep out of it.

But Ludendorff is a gloomy man, probably with a liver that affects his expectations. He does not seem to appreciate the horror with which most civilized countries would contemplate any such destruction of Germany as he forecasts. Besides that, in his curious line-up, Germany's allies to most eyes look much stronger than her opponents, though the opponents have the advantage of position.

There seem to be bad livers in Russia too, for predictions of world calamity come out of that country, which seems to be in for a very hard winter.

—E. S. Martin.



"Revolting? Not a bit! This is for the Christmas Fund!"



Old friends are best.

(23)



"They're for my little nephews and nieces, whom I haven't seen in twenty years."

Carol

Hear ye merry gentle menne,
I am broke this season.
Money? I just haven't any,
You may guess the reason.

Maybe you are like a stonne.
Shouldn't you confess it?
Come on, now, don't be so tony,
Any fool can guess it.

Let us all give not a giftte,
Not a single scent this season;
Prove to all wise girls how thrifty
We can be . . . to give is treason.

Hear ye merry menne, hear ye,
Do no shopping late or early;
For by giving gifts I fear ye
One and all can steal my girlie.

Since who steals my purse steals trash,
The man who steals my girl needs cash!
—Carroll Carroll.

The Perfect Gift

Santa Claus was in his annual quandary about what to bring the President of the United States for Christmas.

"Hasn't he written you a letter?" asked Mrs. Claus.

"No," replied Santa, looking hurt, "I don't think he believes in Santa Claus, any more."

"This skeptical age," wailed Mrs. Claus. "Couldn't you take him a nice fishing rod?"

"He has more than he can use."

"Or a cowboy suit?"

"He has outgrown that sort of thing."

"Or a train on track?"

"He doesn't like trains. They remind him of his campaign."

"Well then, I don't see what you could give him, unless you could find something really unique."

"You've hit it!" shouted Santa. "It must be something he has never seen nor heard of before. I'll take him a citizen who is completely satisfied with the administration!"

—Henry Alfreds.

The Berth of the Blues

I wish my mind were like a bed
And, once made up, would stay smooth
spread;

But no, the very least advice
Will muss it up, not once or twice,

But half a dozen times, and then,
I have to make it up again.

—Florence Ryerson.

Divided We Fall

I stood on the bridge at midnight
And I sang that good old song,
"I Stood On The Bridge At Midnight,"
But I didn't stand there long;
As I stood on the bridge at midnight,
Down stream a whistle blew,
And the bridge where I stood at mid-
night

Divided and let me through.

—Joseph Russell.

Life in Washington

By CARTER FIELD.

"YOUR HEALTH, SENATOR!"

WHO said Senatorial Courtesy was dead? Who would try to prove it because an ex-senator, who happens to be the brother of Dolly Gann and vice president of the United States, sent a prohibition snooper into the Senate Office Building?

Was any senator's dignity affronted? Was any senator's liquor supply cut off? Was the gas buggy of the "Man in the Green Hat" detoured ignominiously to prohibition headquarters while hastening to quench a senatorial thirst?

You know it wasn't.

No. A word should be spoken for Charley Curtis. Column after column of syndicated description by the snooper of his chase of the official Capitol bootlegger describes the lengths to which he went to avoid doing just those things.

Prohibition agents watched a liquor laden car drive up behind the Senate office building time and again, the snooper's articles said. But the liquor was always intended for a senator, or some employe appointed at the request of a senator. So they didn't touch it. They were waiting and hoping to get the Green Hat person in a sale to someone whose implication would offend no senator or senator's friend. Cassidy's early suspicion of this fake employe in the Senate stationery room made it a most difficult job. But it was finally accomplished, and no senator's name has yet been mentioned in print.

Why, even when they obtained a list of his customers, the speed with which it disappeared must have convinced even a Doubting Thomas that there was no thought of violating senatorial courtesy!

So it is really too bad that so many people are saying unkind things about Charley. For the thing would never have happened at all if it had not been for the Washington newspapers. They got hold of this phrase "The Man in the Green Hat" and worked it to death. It got so people were believing it. Also it got so it was stifling competition. Plain everyday bootleggers were afraid to come up to the Capitol to do business. They got the

impression from the newspapers that this particular territory was farmed out to the Man in the Green Hat. They were afraid if they encroached on his territory they might be bumped off. A senator had been shot in the head by a prohibition agent on Pennsylvania avenue shortly before for less than that.

So there was a tendency for the Man in the Green Hat to raise prices. He had an anti-water power monopoly, and he grew proud. He even stopped wearing a green hat; Senators and Representatives who were not intimate with him were making mistakes, and had to ask newspaper men where to get a couple of quarts cheap. The situation required action.

So Charley fixed it up. He put a spy on the payroll in the stationery room and the spy worked patiently for weeks to get the former green hat



"And he says when you say that, smile."

wearer without getting a senator at the same time.

Then too some indiscriminating persons have been criticizing Senator Arthur Robinson of Indiana for lack of senatorial courtesy, just because he wanted to give the newspapers the names of some wet drinking dry voting members. But surely senatorial courtesy cannot be expected to apply to members of the House? That is carrying things too far. Some day someone will try to include the President, and then where would the Democrats be for the next couple of years?

And some of the thoughtless have been criticising Brookhart, the Iowa sharpshooter, because he peached on

liquor being distributed in flasks at Walter Fahy's dinner. Others said he was mad because he drank three of Walter's cocktails and didn't get a kick, but I always doubted that story. They are not that kind of cocktails. Not the ones Walter used to serve in the pre-Brookhart days.

But what senator was embarrassed by Brookhart's story? Didn't he carefully explain that the Mormon apostle, Senator Smoot, did not taste any? And listen to him since the recent election. He has been saying that he thought senators were drinking less! You must understand Brookhart's point of view, in appraising this. He means it as a decided compliment. He implies that senators are coming more and more to a law-abiding frame of mind. He does not mean that they have developed stomach trouble from bad liquor.

Maybe Brookhart thinks so because he hasn't been invited to any more of Walter Fahy's dinners. Or because he thinks Caraway has driven all the lobbyists out of Washington. But the point is that the people he embarrassed were not senators.

Some say by the way that Mrs. Doran got the idea of a kickless cocktail from Brookhart. They say she figured if Brookhart could drink three Bronxes and think they were orange juice, why couldn't other folks drink three bewildered orange juices and think they had something?

The only man in late years who has really offended against the great brotherly pact of senatorial courtesy, the writer regrets to observe, was a Wet from the Maryland Free State. And an indignant electorate put a Dry Republican in his place. In the heat and stress of a Presidential campaign Senator William Cabel Bruce commented that another senator, the same Curtis aforementioned, had given a drink almost publicly at a Maryland race track to one Robert J. Ennis.

Perhaps Bruce thought the fact that Curtis was a candidate for vice president, and was therefore actually trying to get out of the Senate, so to speak, eliminated the senatorial immunity.

But the folks out in Dry Kansas just laughed when they read the charge. They knew Curtis hadn't given anyone a drink. And he hadn't. The snooper who reported the affair to Mr. Bruce simply had his facts twisted.

Senatorial Courtesy still lives.



The making of a skeptic.



Over the River and Thro



and Through the Woods!



"What kind of potatoes do you prefer?"



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JOE ELLISON

BY OWEN BURCH

HIS name is the remnant legacy of a white forebear who, generations ago, pushed his canoe into the brown waters that lie beyond Lake Abitibi, and found favor in the eyes of an Algonquin squaw. Whether the adventurous one remained by the side of his Indian love, or true to the Butterfly legend grew weary and paddled back to England, is a genealogical detail that does not concern Joe Ellison, the breed, who stands six feet two in his moccasins. Joe can hoist a canoe over his broad shoulders and with two hundred pounds of grub and duffle straining at the tump, walk a five-mile portage without a stop. His world is the great bush that reaches north to the land of the white bear, the brown waters and lakes of Abitibi and the little village of La Sarre where he ventures twice a year to trade with Hudson's Bay. He goes there in the fall to lay in his stores of flour, salt pork and lard for the long winter, and again when the ice goes out in the spring to vend his pelts of beaver, fisher and marten and square accounts with the factor.

If Joe can transact his business without running afoul of the good padre, he is content. For the great brick church that stands tireless vigil over the souls of the bush folk, takes heavy toll from the trapper. In the springtime, when the voyageurs emerge from their labyrinths laden with silken furs, Rome waits inexorably by the dock, and the priest running an appraising eye over the catch says, "Five beaver skins, Joe, or you go straight to hell!"

In September when the full moon lifts red from the lake's rim and the love cry of the cow moose is heard in the fenlands, soft white strangers invade the bush seeking the services of Joe Ellison. What brings these people is a perennial phenomenon Joe does not pretend to understand. But every year they come just before the snows,

with creaking shoes, shining new guns and heavy packs for him to carry over the long portage in quest of *l'original*.

Now Joe knows that the meat of an old bull moose is stringy and tough as a moccasin, fit only to feed sled dogs and to bait the fisher traps. Why anyone should prefer such fare to the tender steaks of a calf that has fattened all summer long on lily bulbs, he does not know. But he accepts their madness stoically and few who can hold a rifle true when a sixty-inch spread crashes through the alders, return without a trophy. Pied Piper of the birchbark horn, his ventriloquism is famous in the realm of Abitibi.

For three dismal days we had camped at the headwaters of the Smoky river after a week of painful travel and all that time the rain had fallen in penetrating drizzle. Their ardor cooled, the moose had suspended their amours and were hidden far back in the swamps, indifferent to the anguished cries Joe sent through his cone of birchbark. It was growing dark and we huddled in our tent watching Joe squatting on his heels at the edge of the futile campfire frying beans and bacon. As we shivered under the wet canvas we thought of the pleasant warmth of the city, of radiators, thick beds and all the soft comforts we had left behind. So we turned

from time to time to the amber solace of Liquor Commission Scotch and then with thawed tongues painted pictures for Joe of the magic world beyond the spruce. With polite gravity he listened to crazy tales of houses that rose higher in the skies than Smoky Mountain. Quietly he heard us tell of a great lake wider than Abitibi, so wide that two Indians couldn't paddle across it in a year, of giant canoes, bigger than the great brick church at La Sarre, of enormous iron birds that flew more swiftly than the southbound honkers. Further inspired by the imperial quart we described for him the white squaws who wear glittering stones on their slender fingers, who ride in sparkling limousines with his skins of baby fisher about their throats. But Joe merely glanced with understanding at our bottle and gently stirred the beans.

Finally, we put to him a question: "Joe, what would you do, if you had a million dollars?"

He thought a long time gravely, then answered with guttural decision: "Buy more traps."





"Pardon me, madame—I was wearing that shirt!"

Depends On What You Lay

A professor of economics finds a bricklayer's daily pay equals the value of 360 eggs. This represents a hard year's work for a hen, but bricklayers will point out that a hen cannot lay bricks.

If the Bedroom Is Cold

It will soon be time for us to lie in our supply of winter underwear.

And Artificial Jumps?

Scientists declare they can produce artificial heat and light rays which will do away with the necessity of windows in office buildings. Yes, but can they produce artificial airplane exhibitions, and parades?

Advice

"Yawning exercises the facial muscles and makes one beautiful," advises a radio beauty expert. We must listen to more radio talks.

By Way of Explanation

I'm sending out no Christmas cards this season

Thus saving many yards and yards of two cent stamps, the reason

Being, I'm too flat

To wish you this

And hope you that. —ed. graham.

HELP WANTED: Chocolate stroker on enrober machine, Perrone Candy Company.

—N. Y. Sunday Paper.

Hm. A new racket in Harlem perhaps.



"Need any help, chief?"



"Shall I croon for 'em, Gus? I'm gettin' where I'll do anything."

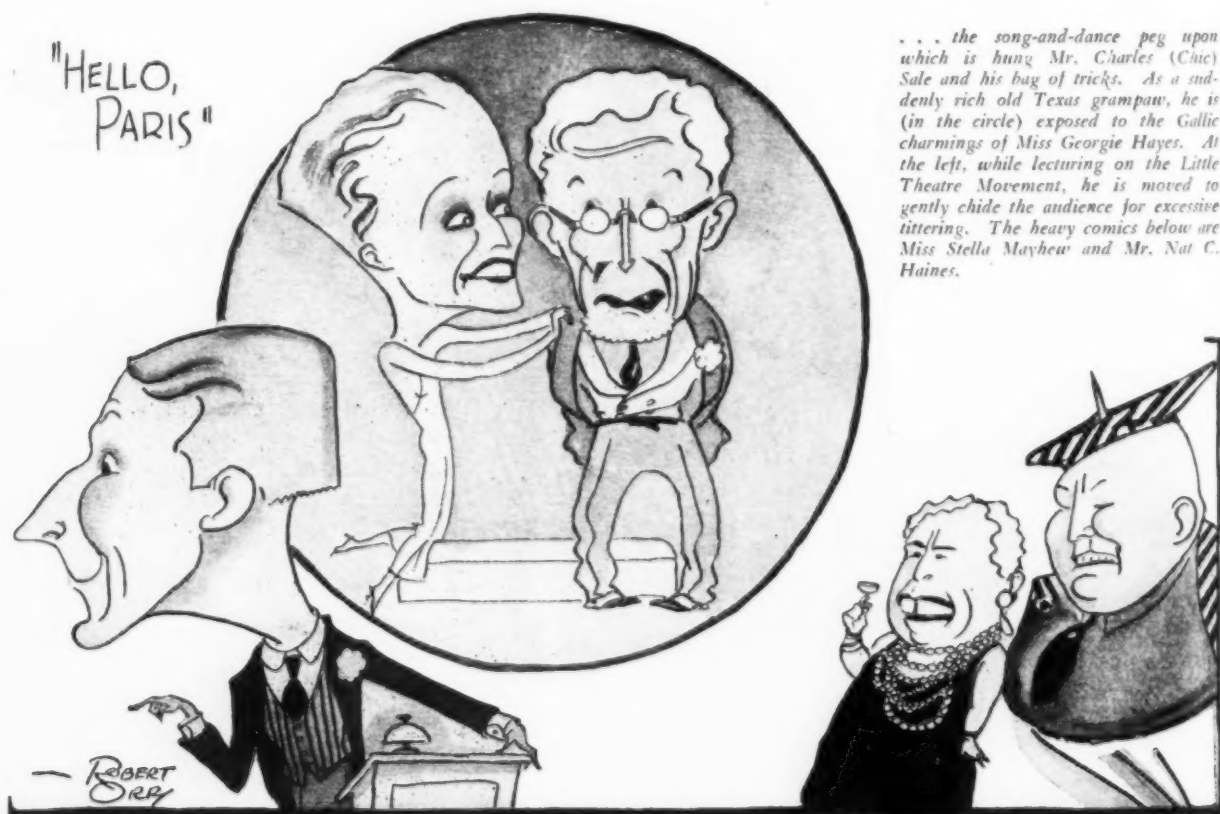
Theatre • by Baird Leonard

A LONG list of characters in a theatre program always intimidates me. That of "The Tyrant" seemed to mention everybody in Assisi except St. Francis, its most celebrated citizen. The first of the cast to appear was Panthasilea Degli Speranzoni, and when it dawned upon me that all her friends and relatives were similarly equipped, some of them even having nicknames with which one must cope, I had a nervous feeling that I should never know who was who, what was what, or which side I should be on in case I managed to figure out the basis of controversy, which reared its ugly head the minute the curtain rose and was rooted in the acquisitive vagaries of Cesare Borgia. So, realizing that Sabatini's books made hot cakes look like a drug on the market, and knowing no Italian except "Adesso albergo Royal Danieli," the only thing to do was to sit patiently and wait for Louis Calhern, who, in the close fitting trousers of those stormy days, was a vision well worth waiting for. If the original Borgia had looked

and talked anything like Louis Calhern, the amalgamation of middle Italy would have been no problem at all and the operators of the torture dungeons would have been selling apples or olives—in the streets.

The plot sprang from the resistance of Solignola to the advancing Cesare. The best thing the old boys could think of was to trap Borgia through his well known senses, and when one of them wanted, rather loudly, to know where *was* a woman of the beauty and brilliance requisite to ensnare such noble and wily prey, Miss Lily Cahill, who up to that point had taken no part in the conversation, rose modestly from her archway and bellowed, "Here!" Her Monna Vanna mission turned out according to the best traditions of song and story, and if it made small dent in Italian history, it at least enabled forty or fifty out-of-work actors to rid themselves of some of the most interminable speeches ever heard on the American stage.

GRAND HOTEL is an interesting, exciting and magnificently staged play. It was first produced in Berlin by Max Reinhardt, and Herman Shumlin leaps to the head of the directors' class with this current presentation of William A. Drake's admirable translation from the German original of Vicki Baum. The keynote of the piece is set cleverly in a prologue of telephone booth black-outs in which each of the characters whose story is to be followed against the busy background of life in a large Continental hotel discloses the spiritual menace which will regulate his actions for the following thirty-six hours. These characters are an adventuring baron (Henry Hull), a famous dancer (Eugenie Leontovitch), a typist who cannot live by dictation alone (Hortense Alden), a textile manufacturer on the verge of bankruptcy (Siegfried Rumann) and a suburban yokel who, knowing that his days are numbered, has decided to spend their remainder in riotous living (Sam Jaffe). These parts are all perfectly cast. Eugenie



... the song-and-dance peg upon which is hung Mr. Charles (Chic) Sale and his bag of tricks. As a suddenly rich old Texas grampaw, he is (in the circle) exposed to the Gallie charms of Miss Georgie Hayes. At the left, while lecturing on the Little Theatre Movement, he is moved to gently chide the audience for excessive tittering. The heavy comics below are Miss Stella Mayhew and Mr. Nat C. Haines.

Leontovitch is almost a miracle as the lovely, disheartened dancer, and Sam Jaffe as the clerk from the country plays with the exact intelligence and restraint which the success of his rôle demands. The National Theatre's revolving stage is a great factor in unfolding these various stories with dispatch. From the opening scene in the lobby we are whisked swiftly from conference room to boudoir to bedroom to hallway to bar, etc., with business mergers, fits of temperament, jewel stealing, commercial seduction, grill room dancing, moments of passion, and, finally, murder, going on before our very and fascinated eyes. The minor characters whose lives touch those of the principals are excellently done, and right here I should like to put in a large and good word for Raffaella Ottiano as the dancer's maid. As usual, the great common denominator of these scattered vital fractions is a doctor, well played by Romaine Callender. I advise you to see "Grand Hotel" as soon as you can get seats for it, which will probably be a difficult matter. Aside from being a swell show, it is a marvelous manifestation of intelligent production, a commodity for which the demand far outstrips the supply.

I ONCE attended some seminars on the principles of criticism in which it was amateurishly but conclusively decided that even a hencoop might be material for art if the treatment justified its selection. I never thought about the decision much until Chic Sale came along, and he went us girlish oracles so much worse, and so successfully, that I have recently been moved to question its validity. When you reflect that "The Specialist" has probably had a larger popular sale in this country than any book outside of "Ben Hur" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it is almost time for some Oliver Goldsmith to arise and inquire into the state of polite learning in America. I take this occasion to proclaim that I didn't laugh at "The Specialist," and that I was astonished, if not actually shocked, by the curious psychology which permitted its author to sign his name to it. It proved, however, that a rayon purse, well filled, can be made from a sow's ear.

Mr. Sale has transferred some of the material from his masterpiece to "Hello Paris!" the musical comedy heavily-handedly adapted from Homer Croy's

novel in which he is being starred at present. He first appears as Lem Putt, his own hero, but fortunately the exigencies of the plot force him back into the foxy grandpa rôle which it requires of him, and all is considerably better. He steps out of it briefly to impersonate the three characters in a small town entertainment, and during those moments the stifled squawks in the vicinity of H-one on the opening night came from me. His make-up as Pike Peters brings Uncle Joe Cannon pleasantly to mind, and his antics in an alien atmosphere are sufficiently humorous to send his admirers into mild hysteria. For Mr. Sale as a comedian is a literal scream, and in attempting to figure out the basis of his hilarious appeal, in view of the homeliness and paucity of his material, I have decided that it's that look in his eye.

With the exception of one song, "Deep Paradise," admirably sung by Lois Deppe, there is nothing remarkable about "Hello Paris."



Miss Fannie Brice, Mr. George Jessel and Mr. James Barton strike a new low in "Sweet and Low."

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Laughter"

WHEN a person makes good in the movies or, for that matter, in a legitimate business, the prophets go about saying, "here is a man whose name will be heard on everybody's lips." It is regrettable that this cannot be said about the director of "Laughter." His name is H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast. However, if Mr. D'. D'. makes a few more films as enjoyable as "Laughter" we will all probably go to the trouble of learning how to pronounce the darned thing.

The element that enjoys most of the spotlight in motion picture advertising is the name of the star, which is justified in the eyes of the producer as this is the magnet that draws the crowd. The name of the director is relegated to a place of relative unimportance in the minds of the majority of cinema patrons, and the author's to an even more inconspicuous corner. "Laughter" is entertaining, first because old double D'. and his collaborator, Douglas Doty (making four d's in all) hatched up a pretty good story. Then Donald Ogden Stewart wrote the sort of dialog that the movies need worse than any other one thing—dialog that sounds as though it might really be spoken by two normal individuals.

The story is called "Laughter" because it seeks to point out the value of keeping oneself in a good humor. This, as Mr. Stewart shows us, can be done by associating with people who refuse to take themselves too seriously. You will leave the theatre a little more eager for a laugh, and with a determination not to forget the value of being as irresponsibly foolish as a kid occasionally.

Mr. D'Arrast not only knew how to select a dialog writer, but he also showed intelligence in handing out the rôles. Nancy Carroll, who has been doing a great deal more singing recently than she should, returns to acting. In "The Shopworn Angel," "The Dance of Life" and other excellent films Miss Carroll has proven her abil-

ity as an actress. She scores again in "Laughter." Fredric March, who plays the part of Nancy's happy-go-lucky boy friend, is even better than he was in "Manslaughter," and Frank Morgan, always a proficient performer on stage or screen, offers a fine characterization of the very rich banker who marries the sweet young Nancy and provides the situation for the struggle between love's young dream and a double-decker flat on Park Avenue. What a relief this threesome is after some of the performances we have had to suffer through recently.

A good movie is a godsend to a movie critic, so this one would like

of course, is only an opinion, but the long stretches during which Miss Dietrich poses first here and then there leads one to believe that Director Joe really is just sitting there staring—which is our idea of a dandy way to earn a living.

The first thing that will impress the average movie fan is Miss Dietrich's resemblance to Greta Garbo, and it is quite evident from this initial effort that American directors are going to be instructed to make her look and act just as much like the famous Swede as they can. She has the same cool Garbo complacency and is an adept at the Garbo trick of expressing sex without going into her dance. What little accent Marlene has is more of an asset than a liability.

"Morocco" is a story about the Foreign Legion, but don't let that discourage you. Miss Dietrich, Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou make it something considerably better than the usual sex-in-the-desert stuff. Marlene, who goes out to that so-called picturesque country as a vaudeville actress, falls for Gary, a soldier in the legion. Like all movie soldiers, Gary is the kind of man to whom all women are instinctively drawn.

Adolphe, wealthy and a regular fellow, offers Marlene marriage. So there you have love on the one hand and riches on the other. While Marlene is trying to make up her mind, she and Gary walk slowly but interestingly through most of the picture, being very nonchalant about the whole thing when, as a matter of fact, they are crazy to have at each other.

The build-up of "this thing" that has come into being between them creates the sort of sex suspense that movie audiences love, but you will probably be pretty disappointed by the sappy manner in which the matter is brought to a close. Why in the name of heaven producers haven't sense enough to know that movie fans have sense enough to know such things are dumb is a mystery.

Miss Dietrich spends much of her

(Continued on Page 44)

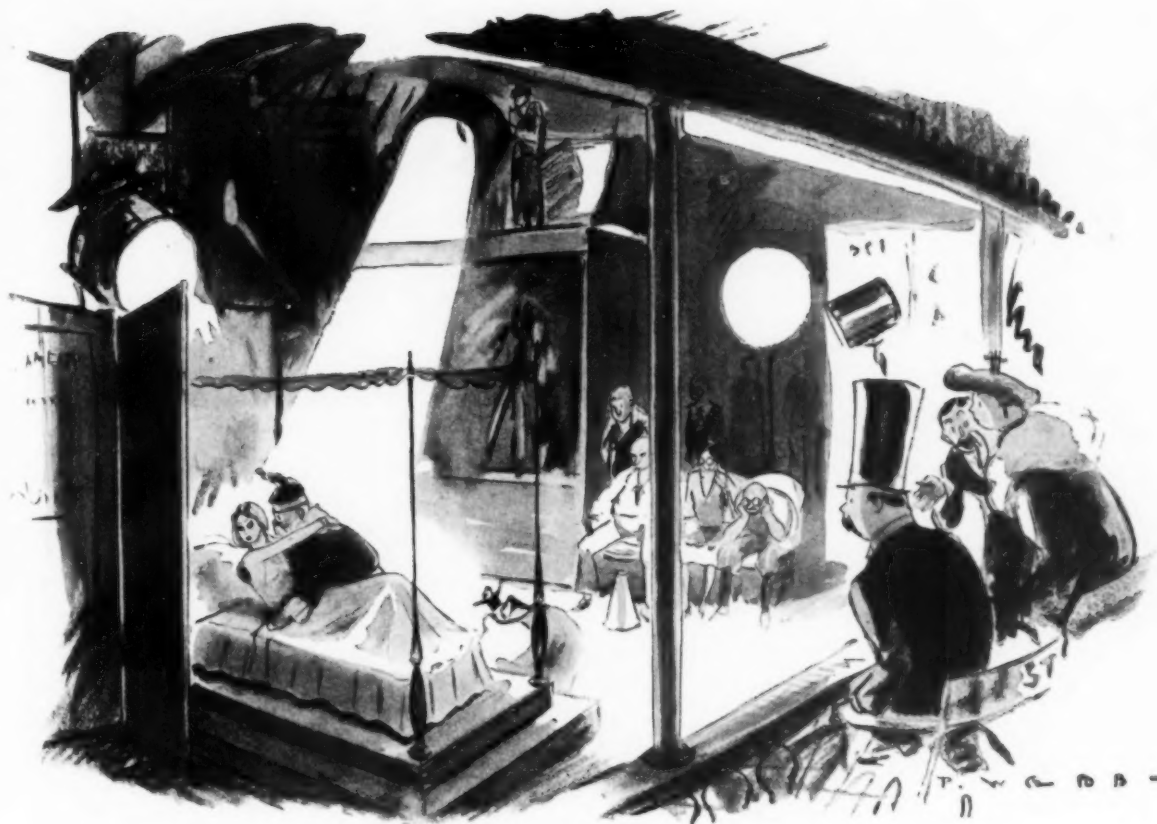


Santa Claus studies salesmanship, and convinces the recipient he is getting a swell gift.

to thank Nancy and the boys for a pleasant evening.

"Morocco"

THE important thing about "Morocco" is the introduction of Marlene Dietrich, latest European importation to the homey, colorful little Hollywood colony. It is unreasonable to suppose that Marlene is going to be very popular with most of the Hollywood ladies. She is not only beautiful but an effective actress . . . at least she will be when the directors get used to her. Director Joseph von Sternberg does an admirable job in handling Marlene's first American film, but he seems to be so overcome at the idea of having a beautiful, talented woman to direct that he simply forgets to tell her what to do next and sits staring at her. This,



HOLLYWOOD.

"The idea of this film, Mrs. Peebles, is to present the other side of Santa Claus to the kiddies—Santa, the man."

The Heart of A Merchant Prince

(A More or Less Cheery Christmas Ballad)

While Christmas chimes were ringing,
In a drab and cheerless flat
A mother and three children
On a sagging sofa sat.
"Oh, mama," begged the kiddies,
"Will *we* get Christmas toys
And have a happy Christmas
Like the wealthy girls and boys?"
The mother dried a tear-drop
That did glisten on her cheek
And to her tattered darlings
She these woeful words did speak:

CHORUS

"Though father's the Santa at Bimbel's,
For rich little children to view,
Conditions are bad and I doubt if your dad
This year will be Santa to you.
The toys that he gives other children—
Without them, my dears, you must do.
This isn't the shop and your penniless pop
Can never be Santa to you,
(boo hoo!)
Can never be Santa to you!"

But early Christmas morning
While their hearts were sad and sore
A lusty knock resounded
On their humble kitchen door.
'Twas wealthy Mr. Bimbel
Who by them a while did pause
To bring a Christmas bonus
To his faithful Santa Claus.
And soon the tots were singing,
For he brought *them* presents too,
As the mother said I'm grateful
That this warning came not true:

CHORUS

"Though father's the Santa at Bimbel's,
For rich little children to view,
Conditions are bad and I doubt if your dad
This year will be Santa to you.
The toys that he gives other children—
Without them, my dears, you must do.
This isn't the shop and your penniless pop
Can never be Santa to you,
(boo hoo!)
Can never be Santa to you!"

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

Life at Home

LOS ANGELES—According to the police, Mrs. Mita Lorning journeyed all the way from Chicago with the intention of committing suicide by drowning in the Los Angeles River, unaware that the Los Angeles River runs underground.

CHICAGO, ILL.—A beggar handed a cop, off duty, a card on which he had written "I am deaf & dumb—can you help me?" But this cop had learned the one-hand deaf mute alphabet, so he made rapid motions with his fingers. When the man smiled, the policeman arrested him, for he had told the mendicant in sign language that he was a liar.

PHILADELPHIA—Four years is the limit of perfect marital happiness, according to Dr. Arthur F. Payne, psychologist at New York University.

He said that the peak of divorces occurs the fifth year after marriage, the cycle usually running in a uniform manner. The first three years are happy ones, the fourth year the couple decide to grin and bear it, the fifth year they give it up as hopeless and go to court agreeing to disagree.

PATERSON, N. J.—In ten years, half of the tuberculosis in this country could be eliminated if people would stop kissing, according to Basil G. Eaves, representative of the National Tuberculosis Association.

He acknowledged that was "impractical" and so the Paterson Tuberculosis and Health League went on with plans for its annual Christmas seal campaign.

SENECA CASTLE, N. Y.—Howard Williams hunted for pheasants all day.

At nightfall he returned home with an empty game bag, tired, hungry and discouraged.

A nice fat pheasant lay dead on the bedroom floor. It had been killed flying through the glass of the closed bedroom window.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—E. S. Darlington, an engineer, installed a microphone at his baby's crib in an adjoining room, so he could hear it cry. When this occurs, he turns on a phonograph record without getting out of bed, and the infant is lulled to sleep.

BATON ROUGE, LA.—Barefooted as he stood in federal court here, John Schexnayder, 82-year-old backwoodsman, told Judge Wayne Borah he had been making whiskey for 50 years, and had never heard of the prohibition law.

Schexnayder, who speaks only French, pleaded guilty through an interpreter to a charge of manufacturing intoxicating liquors. He was placed on probation for five years.

Among other things, the backwoodsman said he had not been told the Civil war had ended.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Gola Martin, Negro, complained to police that her son, Sam, had sold her \$50 set of lower false teeth for 10 cents to go to the picture show.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Because the evidence against him was too strong, a local bootlegger's chances for freedom were pretty good.

A bottle of home brew taken in a raid exploded in the captain's office at Police Headquarters. Several nearby bottles of evidence also were broken by the explosion.

CHICAGO — Merella Anisfield, daughter of the noted sculptor, was arrested for driving past a stop-go sign. She explained she passed the sign because it was not painted to conform with her "artistic temperament." The stunned magistrate finally recovered sufficiently to fine her ten dollars.

DETROIT, MICH.—Forty members of the anti-pickpocket squad were assigned to watch the crowd at the Fordham-University of Detroit football game. Only one instance was reported. Sergeant Dombeck, ace of the squad, had \$8.00 taken from his hip pocket.



hristmases of other Years



Getting ready for the Christmas Reunion.

Reprinted from LIFE, Dec. 7, 1922



Reprinted from LIFE, Dec. 3, 1925

CHRISTMAS IN TUDOR ENGLAND.
Sir Walter Raleigh introduces the Christmas cigar to her majesty.



Reprinted from LANE, Dec. 7, 1928

"D'ya think yuh'll be workin' by next year, papa?"

(41)

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.
See Page 44

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Plays

- ★STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon*. \$3.85—Last season's smash hit still holding its own as one of the top-notch comedies. A near-seduction in a speakeasy ends in marriage and eleven children.
- ★GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield*. \$4.40—Marc Connelly's Pulitzer prize play. The negro's idea of the Bible story beautifully and amusingly done.
- ★LYSISTRATA. *44th Street*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Hilarious comedy from the Greek of Aristophanes. After 20 years of war the Greek women give their men a choice of war or arms. Unique and colorful and beautifully staged performance.
- ★UP POPS THE DEVIL. *Masque*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Tangled home-life of a young couple in Greenwich Village. Lots of laughs.
- ★THAT'S GRATITUDE. *John Golden*. \$3.00—Frank Craven as a theatrical manager tries out an offer of "eternal gratitude" during the dull season. Uproarious comedy of a small town and its home-life.
- ★ONCE IN A LIFETIME. *Music Box*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Hollywood and the new talkies come in for a bit of burlesque and debunking. Funniest show in years.
- ★THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT. *Harris*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Zoe Akins' latest—all about three ex-chorines trying to get along.
- ★BAD GIRL. *Hudson*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Moving dramatization of Vina Delmar's novel of obstetrics—with one highly unnecessary scene.
- ★MRS. MOONLIGHT. *Hopkins*. \$4.40—Whimsical adventures of Edith Barrett who stays at 28 years for three generations.
CIVIC REPERTORY—Eva Le Gallienne and her group in a varied program of modern classics.
- ★PAGAN LADY. *48th Street*. \$3.85—Lenore Ulric—the glamorous—comes back in a melodrama of bootleggers and a preacher. Grand because she is in it.
- ★ROAR CHINA. *Martin Beck*. \$3.00—Marvelous staging by the Guild of a Soviet drama of propaganda—all about the brutal white man's invasion of China.
- ★ON THE SPOT. *Forrest*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Burlesque melodrama of Chicago gangsters as written by our English friend—Edgar Wallace. Perfectly great.
- ★MAN IN POSSESSION. *Booth*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—All-English cast in an amusing comedy. A disgraced younger son as the Bailiff's representative settles in the house of his brother's fiancée until her bills are paid.

- ★AS GOOD AS NEW. *Times Square*. \$3.00—Otto Kruger and Vivienne Osborne in a comedy of love, marriage, mistresses and outspoken children.
- ★ELIZABETH THE QUEEN. *Guild*. \$3.00—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt make an historical romance a thing to be remembered.
- ★GRAND HOTEL. *National*. \$4.40—Henry Hull in a swell show. The interwoven loves and despairs of five people in a hotel. Extraordinarily fast and effective scene changes.
- ★THE TYRANT. *Longacre*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A play by Rafael Sabatini who is to be preferred in his role of novelist. Based on an incident in the life of Cesare Borgia.
- ★MARSEILLES. *Henry Miller*. \$3.00—A play of the French waterfront translated by Leslie Howard. A young man dreams of the sea—a girl dreams of keeping him at home.
- ★TONIGHT OR NEVER. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—The latest Belasco offering brightened by Helen Gahagen as an opera singer getting "experience."
- ★ART AND MRS. BOTTLE. *Maxine Elliott's*. \$3.85—Jane Cowl's company pokes fun at the immoral arty folk with Leon Quartermaine as the splendidly horrible example.
- ★UNCLE VANYA. *Biltmore*. \$3.85—Return engagement of Lillian Gish and Osgood Perkins in the Chekhov drama.
- ★BIRD IN HAND. *49th Street*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Return engagement of the pleasant comedy of an English inn and its inhabitants for a night by John Drinkwater.

Musical

- ★FLYING HIGH. *Apollo*. \$5.50—Second year for this good comedy made swell by Bert Lahr.
- ★EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES. *New Amsterdam*. \$4.40—Sat. Hol. \$5.50—Again "The Most Beautiful Girls in the World" in a nice smutty show. Price reduced—
- ★NINA ROSA. *Majestic*. \$5.50—Generously endowed operetta with a real plot and a good score. With Guy Robertson, Ethelind Terry and Armida.
- ★PRINCESS CHARMING. *Imperial*. \$5.50—The most expensive show in town. The Throne Room scene alone cost—Oh thousands. But—it is long.
- ★FINE AND DANDY. *Erlanger*. \$6.60—Joe Cook in a loony, crazy show with all his engines and gadgets working. Perfectly swell.
- ★BROWN BUDDIES. *Liberty*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Bill Robinson and his inimitable tap dancing in an all-colored show with pep.
- ★THREE'S A CROWD. *Selwyn*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—That grand trio—Libby Holman, Fred Allen and Clifton Webb—in a great revue. (Don't miss Commander Allen at the South Pole.)
- ★GIRL CRAZY. *Alvin*. \$5.50—Another hit set to Gershwin music and with Willie Howard. Some of Broadway's own sons invade a dude ranch.

- ★BLACKBIRDS OF 1930. *Royale*. \$3.85—Another attempt to repeat a success. And it all goes to show that the show business is just luck. And unlucky this time.
- ★VANDERBILT REVUE. *Vanderbilt*. \$4.40—Just another revue.
- ★SMILES. *Ziegfeld*. \$6.60—Mr. Ziegfeld opens his season with one of his regulation shows featuring Marilyn Miller and the Asa.ires.
- ★HELLO PARIS. *Shubert*. \$4.00—Sat. Hol. \$5.50—Chic Sale author of the "Specialist" in a musical comedy based on Homer Croy's "They Had To See Paris."
- ★SWEET AND LOW. *Chanin's 46th Street*. \$5.50—Another revue but with Fannie Brice and George Jessel. With sketches by Ring Lardner and Don Marquis.

Records

Victor

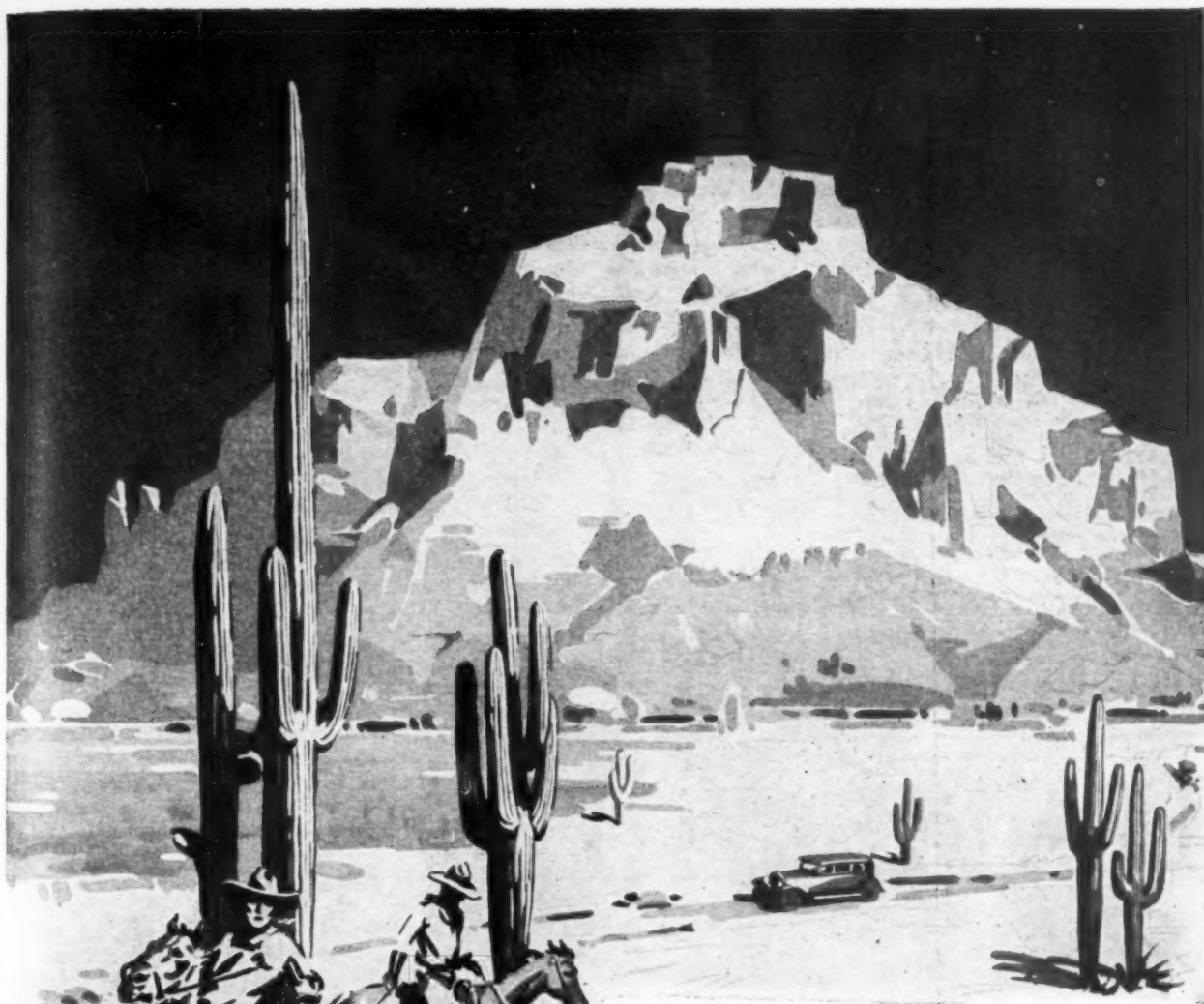
- "YOU WILL REMEMBER VIENNA" (Movie—Venezian Nights)—Leo Reisman and His Orchestra. A graceful presentation that will make you want to do a real old-fashioned waltz. and
- "I BRING YOU A LOVE SONG"—A dignified foxtrot from the same movie smoothly played by the same orchestra. Violins lend to delicacy.
- "HERE COMES THE SUN" and
- "SING, A HAPPY LITTLE THING" (Movie—The Doughboy)—Peppy arrangements for male quartet—sung by the National Cavaliers, with piano accompaniment. Varied effects in rhythm and harmony.
- "SWEETHEART OF MY STUDENT DAYS" and
- "STOLEN MOMENTS"—Latest foxtrot offerings of Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees. The usual tempo, orchestration, and sentiment.

Brunswick

- "MEDLEY OF SOUTHERN SONGS"—Hal Kemp and His Orchestra covering all the colleges below the Mason and Dixon line except the University of Florida. Quantity, without any particular show of quality of presentation.
- "THREE LITTLE WORDS" (Movie—Check And Double Check) and
- "WASTING MY LOVE ON YOU"—Nick Lucas is not up to his usual good form in these numbers. Too many prominent consonants. However there is nothing wrong with his guitar playing.
- "BARBARIC" and
- "HIGH AND DRY"—Irving Mills and His Hotsy Totsy Gang get very hotsy on two fast-stepping foxtrots. Much exuberance, with the trumpet in the lead.

Sheet Music

- "Crying Myself To Sleep" (No show)
- "We're Friends Again" (No show)
- "I'll Be There" (Princess Charming)
- "Bidin' My Time" (Girl Crazy)
- "For You" (No show)
- "Sleepy Clouds" (No show)



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Ole Virginia

for

Christmas

Cooked by a time
honored recipe



NATIVE Virginia Hams from peanut-fed pork—cured dry in salt and smoked leisurely with hickory chips. An old plantation method that preserves all their savory goodness. They are cooked by hallowed Colonial recipe using brown sugar, black pepper, molasses... As good as though you went to the plantation smokehouse—picked out the ham and had Mammy cook it. Delight guaranteed... Delivered prices, east of Mississippi River. For points west, add 25c. Small \$7.00—Medium \$9.00—Large \$12.00—Order for yourself—for gifts to friends. Prompt shipments.

R. L. CHRISTIAN & COMPANY
406 E. Broad St. Richmond, Va.

No tonic better than Abbott's Bitters 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c Write Abbott's Bitters Baltimore, Maryland

"Everything about 'Fine and Dandy' is good. It is a swell show."
—Baird Leonard, Life

JOE COOK
In His Newest,
Maddest Musical
"Fine and
Dandy"
ERLANGER'S THEATRE
W. 44 St. Even 8:30.
Matinees Wed. &
Sat. 2:30.

"Are you doing anything for that cough?"

"Oh, I take it to a good show occasionally."

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Movies

(Continued from Page 36)

time in scant costumes that are very becoming. That is one great advantage she has over certain other actresses. When all else fails she can still take off a few clothes and give her pictures what is known as "added pace."

An entertaining film, but we do think it is dragging one in by the scruff of the neck to name a character Caesar just so somebody can pull that old wheeze about "Caesar's wife..."

"Brothers"

BERT LYTELL returns to the screen in an intelligently produced film version of his Broadway play which had such a long run two years ago. His fine speaking voice and generally efficient performance lead us to believe that he will be seen often on the screen in the future.

This piece is better suited to the screen than the stage, as it tells the story about twin brothers, both played by Mr. Lytell. Trick photography makes it possible for Mr. Lytell to appear simultaneously as both characters. In the stage production, Bert almost worked himself into a frenzy making quick changes. The photography is so cleverly done that, even in the talking sequences, there is not a single informative double. (Just for the benefit of the bridge players.)

During the brief moments in which Rita Carlyle appears as an intoxicated lady of the old school you will laugh.

THE
GREEKS
HAD A
WORD
FOR IT

COMEDY HIT
AT THE
SAM H. HARRIS THEATRE

42nd St. W. of Broadway
Even. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

(44)

LIFE'S Ticket Service

★We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

★If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Checks for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

60 East 42nd St., New York City

Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

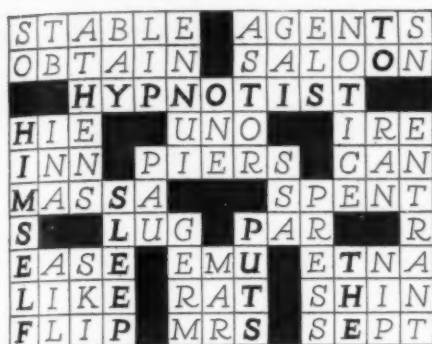
(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$.....Enclosed

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word
Picture Puzzle No. 64



The hypnotist puts himself to sleep.

Mrs. W. R. Neumarker,
1671 Twenty-Third Avenue,
Columbus, Nebraska.

For explanation: "What to do till the sand-
man comes."

I. Alexander,
552 West 186th St.,
New York City.

For explanation: When a man's reflections
lead to slumber.

Susan A. Price,
Marshall Lodge,
Williamsburg, Va.

For explanation: All you have to do is to
keep your eyes on me.

Betty B. Fetzner,
1113 E. McClure St.,
Peoria, Ill.

For explanation: A little personal reflection
always made him long to close his eyes.

A doctor declares that hot water is
an excellent preventive of sea-sickness.
Very smooth cold water is also useful.
—Punch.



"Wanta smoke a minute, Mike?"

"Ease up" with THRILLS and SUNSHINE

● Next winter, basket-aled parties slide down
Funchal's mountain . . . Bedouin sheiks crowd
Algerian cafes . . . pilgrims muse in the Garden of
Gethsemane. For little more than \$12 a day, you
can make next winter your Mediterranean summer.
Once you board the Empress of France, yacht-like
giantess, your nerves ease, your sense of living returns
with her New York-Paris service and cuisine . . . And
remember, hers is the Mediterranean cruise with a "5th
Ace" . . . Canadian Pacific's famous one management,
ship and shore. You'll have nothing to do but enjoy!
Booklets, ship plans, from your own agent or any
Canadian Pacific office in 35 cities of U.S. and Canada.

PALESTINE

Gethsemane . . .
Bethlehem . . .
Herod's Wall . . .
Dead Sea . . .

ALGIERS

Moors...Bedouins

SICILY

Eyes . . . shawls

NAPLES

Fish lava

VENICE

Songs . . . mosaics

DUBROVNIK

Sashes...fortresses

MALTA

Isle of knights . . .

ATHENS

Sunset, Parthenon

STAMBOUL

Muezzins calling

CAIRO

Pyramids . . . Nile

MONTE CARLO

Tense tables . . .

PARIS...LONDON

and many others

As low as \$900

73 DAYS

from NEW YORK

next Feb 3.



MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

WORLD'S GREATEST
TRAVEL SYSTEM
Canadian Pacific

LISTEN IN: Canadian Pacific Broadcasts . . . Sunday, 4:15 EST: The
Musical Crusaders . . . Wednesday, Midnight EST: Royal York Dance Orches-
tra . . . Programmes produced in Canada. WJZ and associated NBC stations.



"I have tried all things," wrote PIERRE LOTI, "I have been everywhere . . . In the depths of the forests of Siam I have seen the star of evening rise over the ruins of mysterious Angkor."

The Raymond-Whitcomb Round-the-World Cruise has a trip to mysterious Angkor . . . easier and more comfortable than any cruise has ever offered.

RAYMOND-WHITCOMB Round the World • CRUISE •

To sail January 21, 1931, on the "Columbus"

Because the cruise ship is the fastest ever to sail round the world, the Raymond-Whitcomb Cruise will spend less time at sea than any other . . . The total length of the cruise will be only 107 days—yet the number of places visited is notably large and the programs are generous. There are visits to all the usual Round-the-World-Cruise countries—Egypt, India, Ceylon, Java, Philippines, China, Japan, etc.—and to such unusual ports as Penang, Malacca, Zamboanga and Macassar—and a side trip to Bali. Rates, \$2000 and upward.

Send for the booklet:
"ROUND THE WORLD CRUISE"

Mediterranean Cruise

To sail January 31, 1931, on the "Carinthia"

This Mediterranean Cruise is timed to be in Nice for the famous Carnival. With 13 days in Egypt and the Holy Land . . . visits to the great and historic Mediterranean cities—Constantinople, Venice, Algiers, etc.—and to smaller places, such as Palermo and Taormina, Cattaro and Ragusa, which are typical of their countries. Rates, \$1000 and up.

West Indies Cruises
Dec. 20: Jan. 8: Jan. 28: Feb. 24
S. S. "Statendam"

Raymond-Whitcomb

126 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts
New York, 670 Fifth Avenue; New York, 225 Fifth Ave.
Boston, 165 Tremont St.; Philadelphia, 1601 Walnut St.
Chicago, 176 N. Michigan Ave.; Detroit, 421 Book Bldg.
Los Angeles, 423 W. Fifth St.; San Francisco, 230 Post St.
Agents in the principal cities

Our Foolish Contemporaries

A London paper says a Scotchman was cured of asthma by playing the bagpipes. On the other hand, we suppose there are Scotchmen who have been cured of bagpipes by asthma.

—Detroit News.

A golf enthusiast was describing to his friend the varied joys the game afforded him, and wound up by saying, "Do you know, I'd rather play golf than eat!"

"But whatever does your wife say to that?" inquired his friend.

"Oh, well, she'd much rather go shopping than cook!"

—Christian Science Monitor.

Concern advertises the perfect bridge lamp. Must be light enough to see by and too heavy to throw.

—Dallas News.

DINER: Waiter, just look at this piece of chicken; it's nothing but skin and bones.

WAITER: Yes, sir; d'you want the feathers, too?

—Answers.

People with coughs are going less and less to the doctor, nowadays, says a medico. They seem to be going to the theatre instead.

—Passing Show.

One of the troubles with the cotton business is revealed in the latest figures of the Ku Klux Klan. The organization now has so few members that one sheet will cover them.

—New York Evening Post.

From an anonymous clown comes the report that Chicago is so tough that the flies out there use Flit for perfume.

—New York Mirror.

"George," she thundered, as she came upon an unopened bottle of whiskey while unpacking for a week-end's camping. "What's the meaning of this?"

"That's all right, my dear. I brought it along to stick a candle in when it's empty."

—Tit-Bits.

"I think this scenery is just heavenly."

"Um, I don't know. Take away the mountains and the lake and it is just like anywhere else."

—Lustige Koelner Zeitung, Cologne.

"Never eat when in a bath," says a doctor. Of course it is dangerous to sing with the mouth full.

—Punch.

YOUNG MOTHER: The landlord called today and I paid the month's rent and showed him baby.

YOUNG FATHER (of crying baby): I should have preferred it if you had shown him the rent and given him baby.

—London Opinion.

PROFESSOR: Science has made such progress that we can now send pictures by wireless.

LADY IN AUDIENCE: Really, ready framed?

—Der Lustige Sachse, Leipzig.



"Cheer up, Mrs. Jones. A month will soon pass."

"Yes, I know, dearie. And there was me thinkin' he'd get at least six!"

—The Bystander.

A gift that brings a lasting thrill to all

Not expensive either... you
can buy a Ciné-Kodak for
as little as \$75



IMAGINE the excitement on Christmas morning... when the family makes its first home movie. And the thrill a few days later when it's flashed on your own home screen.

Surely, there's no gift to compare with a movie camera... none that brings such pleasure through the years.

But be sure it's a Ciné-Kodak—the simplest to use. The camera that understands amateurs, made by people who know amateur requirements.

Anyone can make good motion pictures with a Ciné-Kodak. Crisp, clear, professional-looking pictures. Just sight the camera, press a lever... and you're making movies.

Your films are finished by Eastman processing stations... and in a few days you have them back ready to show in your Kodascope projector. No charge



The pleasure of movie-making begins on Christmas morning and lasts through the years. The new Ciné-Kodak Model M is the lightest camera made for 100 ft. of 16 mm. film. Price, including case, \$75.



What happiness a movie outfit brings into any home. Ciné-Kodaks, \$75 to \$150. Kodascope projectors as low as \$60.

for developing; that's included in the price of the film.

Before you choose any Christmas present, let your dealer show you Ciné-Kodak... and Ciné-Kodak pictures on the screen. He'll show you Kodacolor, too: home movies

in full color, as easy to make as black and white.

Ciné-Kodaks, \$75 to \$150. Kodascope projectors as low as \$60. And many dealers offer an attractive payment plan. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

MODEL K is the marvelous new Ciné-Kodak that can be fitted for Kodacolor—home movies in full color—and long-distance shots. Camera and case match, in brown, gray, black or blue. Price, including case, \$110 with f.3.5 lens... \$150 with f.1.9 lens.



Ciné-Kodak

SIMPLEST OF
HOME MOVIE CAMERAS



You will find Schrafft's candies
in many gay Christmas pack-
ages—at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50
and \$2.00 the pound.



That INDESCRIBABLE SOMETHING

—in some young lady's eyes

WHEN gay ribbons unfurl their Christmas surprises, and eyes dance—Oh, gentle reader, what words can describe that look of ecstasy! It is an “Indescribable something”—beautiful to behold but impossible to describe.

And just as difficult is the task of describing the delightful flavors of Schrafft's candies. For in these delicious creations there is something equally beyond the power of words to portray—an indescribable goodness—that will kindle that *indescribable something* in any lady's eyes on Christmas morning!

SCHRAFFT'S

*Selected Candies
and Chocolates*



ABSENT-MINDED SCHOOL TEACHER: *Put down your hand, young man, you cannot go out!*

AUNT: You mustn't throw mud at people, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Have I got to wait till I've got a motor-car, Auntie?

—Hummel, Hamburg.

OLD LADY (to motorist who has just had terrific smash): I suppose you've just begun to drive.

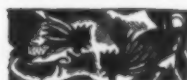
MOTORIST: On the contrary, Madame, I've just finished.

—Dublin Opinion.



"Perhaps if I use this to pick your things up with, you won't be so untidy."

(49)



WHEN WINTER COMES!



WEST INDIES... TWO HOLIDAY CRUISES

Franconia • 16 Days • Dec. 20 to Jan. 5 • \$207.50 up
Christmas in Kingston, New Year's Eve in Havana... also visiting Port-au-Prince, Colon and Nassau.

Carinthia • 8 Days • Dec. 26 to Jan. 4 • \$140 up
To Nassau and Havana... New Year's Eve in Cuba's gay capital.

THE POST-HOLIDAYS CRUISE

Carinthia • 16 Days • \$207.50 up • From Boston Jan. 9 to Jan. 27 • From New York Jan. 10 to Jan. 26
To Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Colon, Havana and Nassau.

THE MID-WINTER CRUISE

Caledonia • 18 Days • Jan. 24 to Feb. 11 • \$197.50 up
Down to Bermuda, Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Colon, Havana and Nassau.
4 other cruises varying in duration, from 12 to 18 days... with sailings from Feb. 14 to April 16. Rates from \$111 up, with shore excursions \$126 up, according to steamer and length of cruise.



EGYPT and the MEDITERRANEAN

Aboard the great Cunarder **Mauretania**...
From N. Y. Feb. 21... returning via Southampton. Rates: N. Y. to Madeira, Gibraltar, Tangier, Algiers, Villefranche, Naples \$275 up. N. Y. to Athens, Haifa, Alexandria \$325 up, N. Y. to N. Y. \$640 up. Second Cabin passage at low rates.

HAVANA SERVICE

The "Caronia" and "Carmania", big ships exceeding by thousands of tons any other steamer in Havana Service, sail every Wed. and Sat. N. Y. to Havana...
First Class: \$90 up. Round trip \$140 up.
Special 8 Day Cruise in the Carmania to Nassau and Havana Jan. 10. \$140 up.

A GALA EVENT... THE FAMOUS MAURETANIA SAILS TO HAVANA... FEB. 11
Rates: One way \$100 up, Round trip \$160 up.

Carry your funds in Cunard Traveller's Cheques

Send for descriptive literature to your local agent or 25 Broadway, New York

CUNARD



When you throw
A real Party, serve

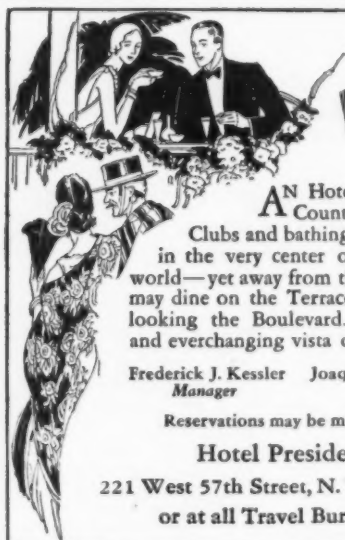
Apollinaris

The gayest bubbly
water with which to
grace your table or
sideboard

Bottled Only with its Own Natural Gas.

A good drink—alone or mixed.

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co., Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York



HOTEL PRESIDENTE HAVANA

AN Hotel of distinction, convenient to the Country Club, Jockey Club, Casino, Yacht Clubs and bathing beach, occupies a strategic position in the very center of Havana's social and diplomatic world—yet away from the noise of the city. Then too, one may dine on the Terrace in the Continental manner overlooking the Boulevard, along which flows a picturesque and everchanging vista of Havana life.

Frederick J. Kessler Joaquin de la Torre Capt. Roger Le Febure
Manager Assistant Managers

Reservations may be made in New York by addressing

Hotel Presidente Booking Office

221 West 57th Street, N. Y. City Telephone Circle 7700
or at all Travel Bureaus and Tourist Agencies

Merry Christmas

The Pleasure of Receiving and the Pleasure
of Giving are Both Assured in
a Subscription to

LIFE

It is the one gift everybody wants, both youngsters
and oldsters, and means real satisfaction for all, each
week, for the whole year round. Try it and see.

Christmas Offer

Enclosed find Five Dollars (Foreign \$6.60).
Send LIFE for one year to



With Christmas Card
in colors from

LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York

LJ



THE CHANGING YEARS, reminiscences by Norman Hapgood. *Farrar and Rinehart*, \$4. Mellow musings, journalistic, literary, personal and otherwise. Written in his easy, engaging style, unusually good, particularly in chapters on Mark Twain, "Teddy" and William James. Norman quotes Clemens as saying the unhappiest "middle period" of his life was the only part worth remembering. True humorist!

THE LIFE OF THE ANT, by Maurice Maeterlinck. *John Day*, \$2.50. The mystery of life made more hauntingly mysterious by this great writer's observations and information about those familiar objects who were here long before man and will doubtless linger on after man has departed. He does not hesitate to quote from other authorities, yet blends them into his own perspective. Grand reading.

PRIZE STORIES, 1930. (O. Henry Memorial award.) Edited by Blanche Colton Williams. *Doubleday, Doran Co.*, \$2. Resulting in a tie, the first prize being divided between W. R. Burnett for his story *Dressing Up* and *Neither Jew Nor Greek*, by William H. John. Second prize went to *The Sacrifice of the Maidens* by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. This year they also succeeded in not lapping over O'Brien's Best Stories; so between the two, you get about all the good ones for the year.

LAUGH WITH LEACOCK, by himself. *Dodd Mead & Co.*, \$2.50. Headed by his best sketch *My Financial Career* which, first published in *LIFE* years ago, has been spinning round ever since. This is a good reproduction of Leacock's best, whose best is always good. Other late humor: *Abe Martin's Broadcasts*, by Kin Hubbard (*Bobbs-Merrill*, \$1.50), and *I'm Sorry I've Offended*, by Clarence H. Knapp (*Putnam*, \$2). Immense sob ballades.

THE SPHINX HAS SPOKEN, by Maurice Dekobra. *Brewer & Warren*, \$2. First class adventure story, two English officers in a love triangle, exciting. Still more, the author succeeds in lifting his yarn into something better than ordinary, by the last drab chapter, a throw back climax—hokum, sentiment, call it what you like, it carries.

(Continued on next Page)



Christmas Joy FOR PIPE SMOKERS

You'll see a glint of joy in any pipe smoker's eye when he takes a brand new Locktite from his Christmas stocking. It's the pouch with the genuine Talon fastener. Zips open and closed in a flash. Fits snugly in the pocket without folding or rolling. Won't let a flake of tobacco leak out. Tobacco stays fresh because the humidizer keeps it moist. At any Smoke Shop.

\$1.00
to \$7.50

HUMIDIZER
keeps tobacco moist

Locktite
THE POUCH WITH THE HUMIDIZER

Look for the Name Stamped on Each Pouch
LOCKTITE CO., Inc., Gloversville, N. Y.

STRIKING BEAUTY



and usefulness are incorporated in this unique set of Sailing Ship Book-Ends. Gifts that will be appreciated. Two tone bronze finish. Packed in a neat gift box \$3.75 a pair. Fully proportioned Flying Cloud paper-weight to match these book-ends. 2 3/4 in. high . . . \$3.75 each. Postpaid.

METAL NOVELTIES CO.,
MORRIS PLAINS, N. J.

Big 3 Ft. Telescope Five Sections. Brass bound. Power-ful Lens. 10-150 magnifying range. Special Price for looking at the Sun. ALSO GIVEN. Can be used as a microscope. Guaranteed. Big value. Postpaid \$1.75. C. O. D. Use extra. **BENNER & COMPANY, Y. T. 55, Trenton, N. J.**



TRULY Parisian in cuisine, in atmosphere, and in charm, Longchamps is the natural rendezvous of smart New Yorkers.

RESTAURANTS
Longchamps

New York City

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1015-17 MADISON AVENUE, Bet. 78th and 79th Streets
19-21 WEST 57th STREET, Near Fifth Avenue
40 EAST 49th STREET, Bet. Madison & Vanderbilt Avenues
88 FIFTH AVENUE, North-east Corner 12th Street
28 WEST 58th STREET, Off Fifth Avenue

All Restaurants Longchamps are open daily including Sundays and all holidays for Breakfast, Luncheon, Afternoon Tea and Dinner from 7:00 A. M. to 11 P. M.

Books

(Continued from Page 50)

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER, by F. Yeats-Brown. *Viking Press*, \$2.75. Rippingly realistic adventure stuff, one of those rare books of mystic charm, united with dramatic escapades which, like Munthe's *Story of San Michele*, enables the reader to look out at life through the mind of the author.

BID HER AWAKE, by Mary Grigs. *Houghton Mifflin & Co.*, \$2. Extraordinary London modernistic boarding house tale of two sisters, which does not really begin until page 75, although the foreground is doubtless essential as a background. Unstable and colorful characters, entertaining talk up to the "you'll be grateful to me" end.

NORTHCLIFFE, AN INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY, by Hamilton Fyfe. *The Macmillan Co.*, \$4. Was Northcliffe—undoubtedly a great, if erratic journalist—a great man? Not quite, but with kaleidoscopic loveableness, ambition, energy. Fyfe, good writer, one who worked with and for his chief here records his personal-impersonal impressions. Nervous, stimulating, setting-up disclosures, but we think the last part, the break-down, might have been curtailed. Why stress such shattering, when the man is not really there?

VAGABONDS, by Knut Hamsun. *Coward McCann*, \$3. Those familiar with the former masterpieces of the great Norwegian writer will not be disappointed in this one—very long, dealing with two elementals, fishing folk, real flesh and blood people, timeless human types here assembled—the comedy and tragedy of raw life, not the least example being the blustering and cowardly August.

ACTORS AND PEOPLE, by Peggy Wood. *D. Appleton & Co.*, \$2.50. The quality of Peggy is not strained. Like the gentle rain from heaven it falls upon the just and unjust. Dealing with Bernard Shaw and those movie and actor people who cheer and sometimes inebriate us. Affectionately feminine and unaffected disclosures of a charming American actress.

THE CASE OF ANNE BICKERTON, by S. Fowler Wright. *Albert & Chas. Boni*, \$2. Mystery story, and beginning with woman poisoned, modeled on cross-examination formula, like the *Bellamy Trial* of last year and better than that because clearer. Good as time killer, but not to be compared with Oppenheim's *Lion and Lamb*, and Claude Houghton's *I Am Jonathan Scrivener*, already reviewed here.

—Thomas L. Masson.

WRITE A LETTER TO SANTY CLAUS



AS LONG AS HOPE springs eternal, you are never too old to write a letter to Santy Claus. And if your wife has a dollar and you manoeuvre the business correctly, you are pretty sure to get results.

It probably is not necessary to explain in your letter that you are suffering from razor fatigue. Perhaps you don't even need to say that you pine for the light-fingered deftness and balance of the Enders razor, that so pleasantly snicks off the whiskers without causing the slightest annoyance to your skin. Nor need you mention the almost inhuman sharpness of the Enders blades, and the kick that you get out of finding every blade as sharp as its brother.

Instead, merely say in your plaintive way that you do hope Santy Claus has a dollar to spend on an Enders razor for you this Christmas, and leave the letter in some casual place, such as in your wife's coffee cup at breakfast.

In that way, everybody will be pleased, —Santy Claus, because only a dollar has to come out of her grocery money, and you, because it will make the process of shaving far less of a pain in the neck. Enders Razor Co., 105 W. 40th St., New York City.



THE HAIR TEST

New
Enders Razor
with 6 blades,
\$1.00. Blades 5 for
35c. If you cannot
find an Enders
locally, send purchase price to us.

FIRST PRIZE IN MARLBORO AMATEUR COPY CONTEST



MISS MARY D. FERRIS
of
NEW YORK
won
1st Prize
with this
advertisement

Miss Ferris, a landscape painter, has studied in Paris and traveled extensively through Europe. Has written many articles and editorials. Wrote the prize-winning Marlboro advertisement shown at right—“upon inspiration”.

(For other prize winners watch magazines and newspapers.)

....why take chances
with cheap cigarettes?
Enjoy Marlboro—
Mild as May—full,
firm and round—
always.

MARLBORO

The Cigarette of the Ivory Tip

Dainty—for the Debutante

Chic—for the Smart Set

Clean—for the Fastidious

Economical—for the Smoker

Practical—for the Man about Town

Modern—for the need of Today

20c for those who can afford the Best

Mary D. Ferris

MARLBORO

Plain or Ivory Tipped: No Difference in Price

\$250 EUROPE

Price includes round trip ocean passage, transportation abroad, hotels, meals, sightseeing and tips. Itineraries to every country in Europe. Write for free booklet, "E224"

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180 North Michigan, Chicago
521 Fifth Avenue, New York

The MADISON
"NEW YORK'S VERY BEST"

HOTEL
and
RESTAURANT

CABLE ADDRESS "MADISOTEL" Madison Ave. at 58th St.
THEODORE TITZE - Mgr.



"Now you young scamps behave yourselves,—or you'll wake up on Christmas and find your stockings full of Flit." —Advt.

Anagrams



Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *rates* with an *i* and get some caustic words.
- (2) Scramble *their* with an *m* and get a lonesome fellow.
- (3) Scramble *renamed* with an *o* and get in love.
- (4) Scramble *easing* with an *m* and get some tough problems.
- (5) Scramble *trooper* with an *a* and get a telephone girl.

(Answers on Page 54)

The Pall Of Fame

We sat by the fire, the wife and I,
Last night, and I read to her
Aloud from a book that was written by
An ancient philosopher.

I closed the book and remarked: "Ah,
rare

The wisdom with which it reeks!
You must admit, my love, that Ar-
istotle's the best of the Greeks."

And she looked up with her gentle,
touch-

Ing smile and spake to me:
"I'm sure you're right. Did you notice
how much

His artichokes were?" asked she.

—Asia Kagowan.



"Ah, Miss Bascom! Now I know
where I last saw you. It was on the
ice at St. Moritz!"

“I AWOKE
one morning and found myself famous”
Lord Byron

Do not draw a false conclusion from that quotation
... it takes years to grow famous overnight ... usually
overnight fame is overdue ... achievement takes time
to take hold ... The BARBIZON-PLAZA Hotel has
become famous, but not overnight, it is the fruition
of a decade of dreams!

Library ... Art Gallery ... Concert Hall and
Music Salon ... Deck Tennis Courts ... Sun Tan
Baths on the Glass Enclosed Roof ... Saddle horses
brought right to the door of the hotel for a canter
in the park ... and last but not least ... the
Continental Breakfast *sent to your room* ... with
the compliments of the Host!

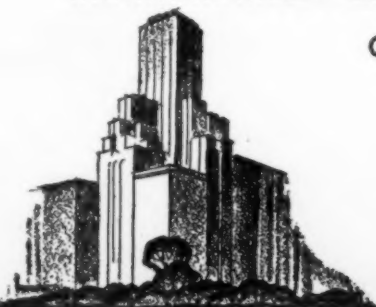
Room, CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST and Private Bath ... \$18
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STUDIO APARTMENTS ... yearly ... \$1800 to \$5000

TRANSIENT RATES ... \$3.50 to \$6.00 ... per day

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Under same management—the internationally known Barbizon
Hotel at 140 E. 63rd St. Rates \$14-\$22 weekly.
Wm. H. Silk, Director

LE MOMENT TIMIDE

[THE SHY MOMENT]

Are you timide (shy)
in the presence of the opposite "sexe"
(pronounced sex)? Courage, mon brave!...

be nonchalant

LIGHT A MURAD



© P. Lorillard Co.

PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS

LIFE'S DOG CALENDAR

Our annual DOG CALENDAR is a very popular institution and increasingly in demand. It makes a most attractive holiday gift for all who love dogs. Most people do anyway

Everybody loves LIFE's Dogs.

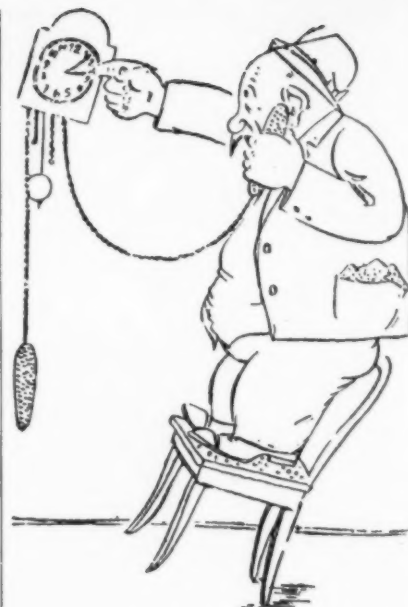
6 Sheets in colors, 10 x 14. Price One Dollar.
To LIFE,
60 East 42nd St.,
New York, N. Y.



Here is \$, please send copies
of LIFE's DOG CALENDAR To

.....
Name

.....
Address

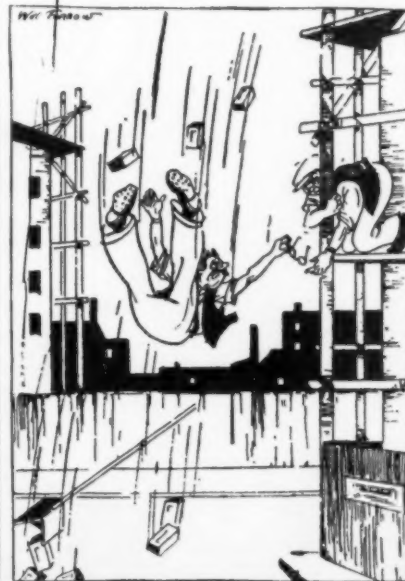


"That's the twentieth time I've called.
These dial telephones are terrible!"
—Jugend, Munich.

Answers to Anagrams

On Page 52

- (1) Satire.
- (2) Hermit.
- (3) Enamored.
- (4) Enigmas.
- (5) Operator.



"'Ere, mate! 'Old my glasses for me."
—Everybody's Weekly.



SPEND YOUR WINTER VACATION AT HOTEL CHARLOTTE HARBOR

Hotel Charlotte Harbor at Punta Gorda is officially open from January 1st until April 1st. For those who enjoy earlier quail shooting, golf and fishing, a modified staff is maintained and reduced rates are made during December. Added to an atmosphere of luxury and beauty, you will find at Hotel Charlotte Harbor, every modern appointment for your comfort and convenience, a famous cuisine, and correct, unobtrusive service.

Provision has been made for your enjoyment of a wide variety of sport and recreation—golf, swimming, riding, automobiling, fishing, tennis, trap shooting, quail shooting and lawn games. Hotel Charlotte Harbor maintains its own 18 hole golf course, tennis courts, swimming pool, bathing beach, gun traps, guide staff for hunting, and motor boat livery for fishing parties. For illustrated booklet or reservations, write to Peter P. Schutt, Manager Hotel Charlotte Harbor, Punta Gorda, Florida.

Searching for
"Something Different"?

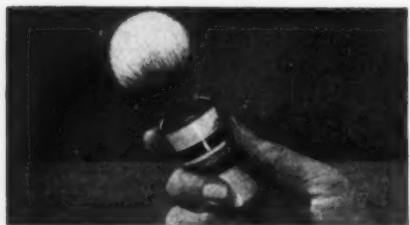


Give him a New
Modernized
RUBBERSET
Trade Mark
with
**blended
bristles**

THE modernized RUBBERSET—with its new principle of blended bristles—is as up-to-date and welcome as your morning newspaper . . . Only a man can realize what luxury and comfort blended bristles provide. But any feminine gift giver can be sure that a new modernized RUBBERSET will be a joy to the man who gets it.

In the new RUBBERSET the silky hair of imported Badger is blended with the firm bristles of Wild Boar in exactly the proportion to make the tuft at once caressingly soft and efficiently springy. Every man will recognize RUBBERSET as the original brush with bristles that can't come out. But he won't know what a delightfully quick and luxurious shave awaits him until he uses the new modernized RUBBERSET.

You will find a handsome array of modern designs in new RUBBERSETS—many pleasing color combinations from which to choose. Look for the name RUBBERSET on the handle! . . . Prices have been set to fit your Christmas budget . . . ranging upward from \$1.00.



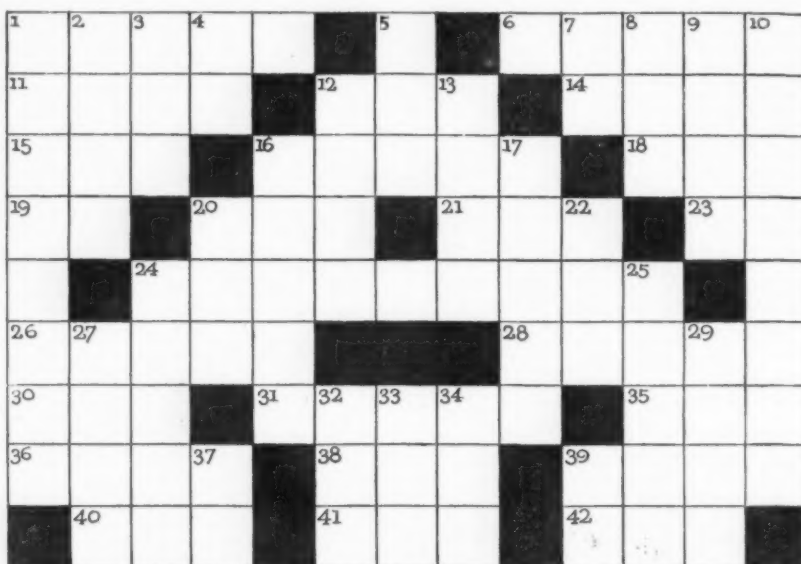
RUBBERSET COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.
Sales Representatives:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., 40 E. 34th St., N. Y.

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 69

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes December 26.



ACROSS

1. This sort of thing isn't right.
6. These put you in the ditch.
11. Very unrefined.
12. This comes with the grip.
14. Ancient capitol of Ireland.
15. Sign of a connection.
16. This has locks.
18. Nothing at all.
19. Part of the Bible. (Abbr.)
20. Grab.
21. Meadow.
23. Compass point.
24. As much as your life is worth.
26. River embankment.
28. This is put into overalls.
30. Inner self.
31. You can build on these.
35. A long time.
36. This goes to the mark.
38. Definite article.
39. Head.
40. Comes out slowly if it is fast.
41. Over. (Poet.)
42. Beast of burden.

DOWN

1. Quarreled.
2. A little shrimp.
3. This is rather queer.
4. New England. (Abbr.)
5. This was once a little boy.
7. Pronoun.
8. Takes a can-opener to open this.
9. A Malay dagger.
10. This man has to take orders.
12. This means "nothing doing" in Hawaii.
13. Festive.
16. Lawyers and bootleggers handle these.
17. What a pawnbroker does on Mondays.
20. Compass point.
22. This man lives high.
24. Elephant's tusk.
25. Hero of the Eneid.
27. Exclamation.
29. Flower.
32. Japanese statesman.
33. Definite article.
34. Ever.
37. Two-thirds of ten.
39. Parent.

Here's a wonderful



Christmas Dinner
 OYSTERS ON THE SHELL
 GREEN OLIVES
 CELERY CRAB-APPLE JULY
 ROAST TURKEY WILD RICE
 GREEN PEAS CANADA DRY GINGER ALE
 LETTUCE SALAD WITH CREAM CHEESE
 AND BAR-LE-DUC
 FRENCH DRESSING TOASTED CRACKERS
 PLUM PUDDING MINTS
 COFFEE

Christmas Dinner

"DINNER IS SERVED!"

Three magic words that lift the curtain to the climax of Christmas Day. And whether that feast is built around America's magnificent bird—the turkey—or is truly English with prime roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, there is one crowning touch that will make the event memorable

to everybody—Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Here, indeed, is a rare beverage. No tender, firm-fleshed oyster on its bed of crushed ice is more elusive in its flavor. No plump, green olive is more zestful in its tang. No stately plum pudding is more full-bodied in its goodness. No brilliant Christmas morn is more dazzling in its sparkle.

Bring those dark, green bottles, chilled through and through, to the table. Fill the slim-stemmed glasses slowly. What a delicate, fragrant bouquet! What color—radiant amber! And then for the thrill! Lift the glass to your lips for a sip. Your taste will be aroused instantly by a

delicate, mellow flavor that is not matched by any other ginger ale made.

All over the world they will be drinking Canada Dry Ginger Ale on Christmas Day. In regal dining halls . . . in great hotels and the best clubs . . . in countless homes . . . there you will find this Champagne of Ginger Ales. For Canada Dry has the seal of approval of connoisseurs and the patronage of royalty everywhere.

Yes, your Christmas dinner is an ideal setting for Canada Dry Ginger Ale. But, in addition, every day offers opportunities to serve this fine old ginger ale. Throughout this holiday season when friends drop in to exchange greetings. When you give dinners and parties.

Order the convenient Hostess Package of twelve bottles. Then you will always be ready for any social occasion.



CANADA DRY'S

SPARKLING LIME GOLDEN GINGER ALE
 SPARKLING ORANGE

These three delicious beverages are also made under the Canada Dry seal. Try them soon. They are all delightful and refreshing.



CANADA DRY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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The Champagne of Ginger Ales

1855 · SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY · 1930



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For each dollar spent, you get far more. More living comfort and pride of ownership... more selling and rental value for your property... more years of trouble-free convenience. Let your architect help you plan a lasting Crane plumbing and piping layout. To buy, see a Crane Qualified Contractor-Dealer, always a highly skilled master plumber or heating contractor.

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